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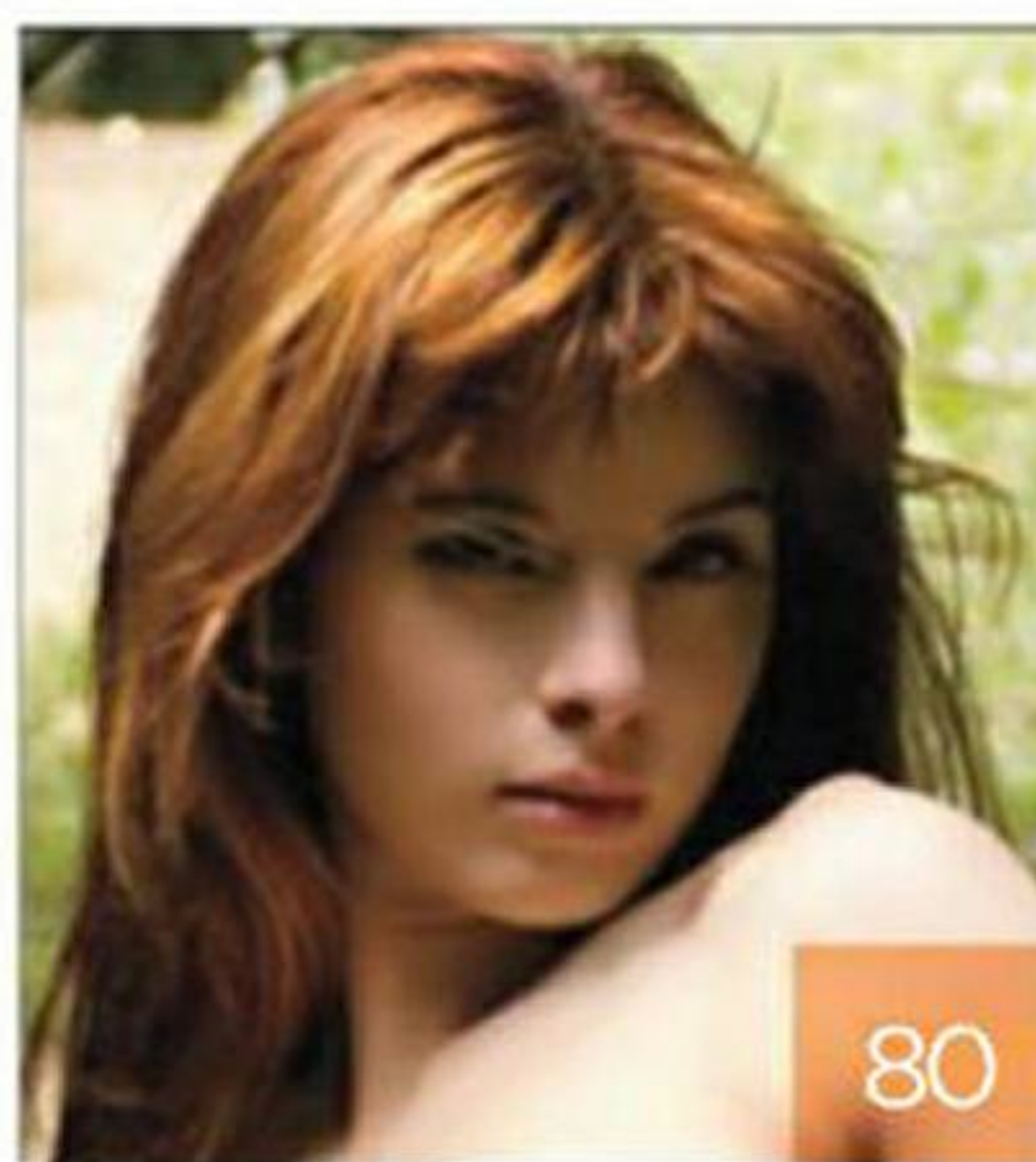
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PICTORIALS

34 Rogers That

Jessie Rogers

56 Sommers Love

Pet of the Month Angela Sommers

80 Flower Power

Eliz Stanton

96 Poolside Paramours

Karina and Euftrat

112 Queen of Memphis

Samantha Saint

FULL FRONTAL

11 Revealing Entertainment

12 Flicks

The Avengers, *The Dictator*, and more.

14 DVDs

Blockbuster sequels to *Mission: Impossible* and *Sherlock Holmes*.

16 Joystick

Tom Clancy's *Ghost Recon: Future Soldier*, *Dragon's Dogma*, and reviews.

18 Sounds

Solo efforts from Jack White and M. Ward.

19 Reads

Life advice from Kevin Smith and Augusten Burroughs.

LIFE ON TOP

21 The Pour House

Discovering cheap booze and beer in Thailand and Vietnam.

24 Driving Force

The Land Rover Evoque.

26 Freewheelin'

The Honda NC700X.

28 Tech

Sexy gadgets worthy of a secret agent.

30 The Goods

The best new travel gear.

32 Scoundrel

Should you be jealous if your girl revs up with romance novels?

FEATURES

44 Gametime

Interview with Thierry Henry of the New York Red Bulls. By John Bolster

48 Hurts So Good

Are grueling obstacle courses and extreme races the future of fitness? By Ben Keene

52 How Do You Like Him Now?

Country star Toby Keith on his work with returning veterans and the USO. By Alanna Nash

74 Sex on Wheels

Which exotic and classic cars get Penthouse Pets ready to ride? By Greg Hudock

92 Pole Position

Competitive pole dancers hope to take the sport to the 2016 Olympics. By Kara Wahlgren

72



52



48



44



DEPARTMENTS

4 Forum

72 Pet Projects

90 Sex Ed.

106 Illustrated Forum

108 Hard News

122 Penthouse Books

134 Parting Shot

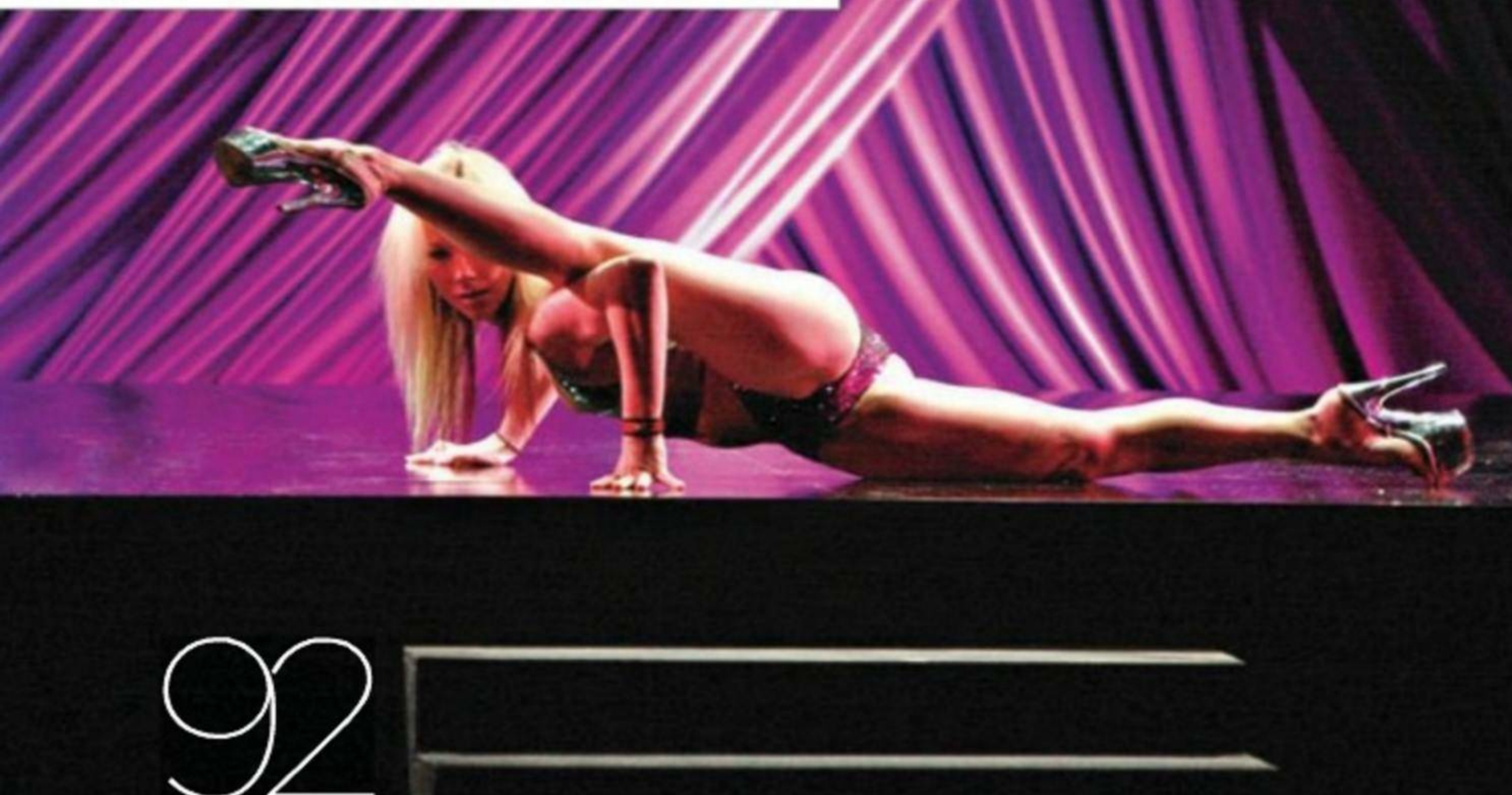
74



108



92



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Cabin Fever



I think I'm like a lot of married guys who secretly wish their wives were bisexual, or into swapping. I've often wondered what it would be like to watch my wife getting her pussy licked by another beautiful woman, or getting screwed by some stranger. Well, a funny thing happened last Valentine's Day when I took her to an adult resort. We met a really hot couple, and both the husband and wife wanted to do my wife, Sandy.

There were lots of naked couples on the beach when we arrived, but after mingling for about an hour, Sandy and I felt we had a lot in common with Craig and Lisa. Lisa was about Sandy's age—mid-thirties—with short curly hair and a nice curvy figure. She oozed sex, and I was surprised to see that Sandy seemed drawn to her like a moth to a flame.

When Craig and Lisa invited us to hang out with them in their cabin, I hoped that meant I'd get a chance to fuck Lisa. But I knew that if I had to choose between sinking my dick

deep inside Lisa's pussy or getting to see Lisa and Sandy go at it, I'd happily assume the role of voyeur.

We settled in the main room of the cabin, and after we'd shared some wine and a little weed, things took an interesting turn. Lisa offered to show Sandy the rest of the cabin, which amounted to the bedroom, and when the girls hadn't returned after about 15 minutes, I asked Craig what they were up to. He just smiled and said, "Why don't we go see?"

I was feeling pleasantly mellow and slightly horny as Craig opened the door to the bedroom, but when I saw my wife on the bed, totally naked with Lisa's face buried between her legs, my cock grew to stone-hard readiness. The only reason I hadn't heard

When I saw my wife on the bed with Lisa's face between her legs, my cock grew to stone-hard readiness.

Sandy's usual lust-filled moans was because her head was turned to the side and a corner of the pillow was clenched between her lips. Lisa had Sandy's legs spread wide as she worked her fingers in and out of Sandy's pussy. Lisa was on her knees, also naked, offering a perfect view of her glistening slit.

I just stood there, taking it all in, and hadn't noticed Craig undress. This was exactly what I'd hoped would happen, but with my greatest fantasy unfolding right in front of me, I wasn't content to just sit on the sidelines. I wanted in on the action.

As I started taking off my clothes, Craig climbed on the bed behind his wife to eat her out. After watching them briefly, I decided I could give Sandy something a lot better to suck on than the corner of a pillow.

I placed one knee on the bed near her head and pulled the pillow from between her lips. Her throaty moans blended with Lisa's until I slowly fed her my cock. I love the feeling of being in her hot, wet mouth. I started fucking her face with shallow thrusts, enjoying the way she sucked hard each time I pulled back. Craig was pushing his cock into Lisa's cunt and fingering her clit. When he started fucking her with deep, hard thrusts, I heard the sound of his skin slapping against hers. Whatever she was feeling must have affected the way she was going at Sandy, because Sandy sucked me even harder, causing me to thrust deeper into her mouth.

The sounds of skin against skin and groans and moans were all I heard as I came in my wife's mouth. Sandy swallowed as much of my jizz as she could before succumbing to her own shuddering orgasm. I heard Craig and Lisa in the final throes of their climaxes as I lay near my wife, stroking her hair.

Sandy and I spent the rest of the weekend with Craig and Lisa, and yes, I did get to see Craig fuck my wife, and I got to fuck Lisa. We made some new friends that weekend, and although we don't live near each other, Sandy and I plan on inviting Craig and Lisa to visit for a few days. Sandy has begun to wonder what it would be like to take two cocks at the same time, and I'm more than intrigued enough to be a part of it.—A.G., *New Orleans*

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■ EX-TREME MEASURES

What's a horny divorced girl to do when she's between lovers and even her favorite vibe won't do the trick? Nothing left to do but resort to extreme measures.

I'd gone a couple of months without sex before, but never as long as this. "Dry spell" could only begin to describe the length of time that had elapsed since my last fuck. Don't get me wrong—I'm glad I'm divorced. My ex-husband and I couldn't agree on anything after being married for five years, with the exception of sex. The sex was good—really good. The only time we weren't at each other's throat was when we were screwing, so we finally agreed to call it quits. But I think we both knew that if either of us ever wanted to hook up for a satisfying fuck, it would be okay. I just didn't think I'd be the first one to give in. I hated to admit it, but my ex seemed to have the market cornered when it came to sending me over the edge into the realm of ecstasy.

One thing about my ex and me is that we still call each other on our birthdays, and with mine coming up at the end of the week, I expected to hear from him. When I did, I'd come up with some reason to invite him over.

My birthday came, but there was no call. It wasn't until I arrived home that night that the doorbell rang. Expecting the usual flowers from my sister, I was surprised to see my ex with a shopping bag full of my favorite Chinese takeout, and I quickly realized that his unexpected visit would save me from having to come up with an excuse to get him to come over.

After he wished me a happy birthday and practically kissed the life out of me, we settled in like we used to when we were married—spreading the containers out on the coffee table, sitting on the floor with some music playing, and passing the food back and forth between glasses of wine. He seemed really interested in what I'd been up to and if I was dating anyone. When I told him I wasn't seeing anyone on a regular basis, he said that was good news. Then he said that the reason he'd decided to come over instead of making the usual birthday call was that he wanted to give me something special this year.

I told him if it wasn't seven inches of hard, thick flesh, I wasn't interested and he could pack up his leftovers and leave. He assured me that that was exactly what he had in mind, and I told him that I hadn't been fucked good



since we'd split up, and that I was expecting nothing but his best since it was my birthday.

After we both got naked, he told me the first thing he was going to do was eat my pussy and make me come until I begged him for mercy. I couldn't wait. If there's one thing my ex can do besides fuck me silly, it's eat pussy like a champ. He made me sit on the sofa as he knelt on the floor between my legs. Then he went to work, using all of his skill to drive me to the very brink of orgasm before pulling me back. It felt like his fingers and tongue were everywhere, working me up to the point where I screamed at him to let me come.

When he finally drove me to the peak and beyond, he wasted no time getting his cock inside me. I was still

trembling from my orgasm when he pushed me back and drove his cock into me. I came again as he started to fuck me. I couldn't keep track as one orgasm rolled over into the next. His strokes came deeper and faster as I cried out for him to fuck me harder. I needed the pounding he was giving me, having missed it more than I'd realized. All I knew at that moment was the feel of his hard flesh, thrusting and touching every part of me.

When he reached down, pressed his thumb on my clit, and told me to come with him, I was right there, coming hard and crying out from the pleasure. My screams ended when he kissed me again, swallowing my moans as he came.

My birthday celebration lasted well into the next day, and there it ended. I couldn't tell you what led to the disagreement we had the next night, but we both realized that although we still enjoyed screwing each other, some things hadn't changed. It also hadn't changed that it was okay for us just to have sex, and that's fine with me.—Name and address withheld

More letters on page 124

One orgasm rolled into the next, and his strokes came deeper and faster as I cried out for him to fuck me harder.

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SUPERSIZED

A huge cast of bold-face names, including Scarlett Johansson, Robert Downey Jr., Mark Ruffalo, and Jeremy Renner, gathers to portray an elite team of superheroes in *The Avengers*, the summer's deluxe blockbuster.





Avenging A-Listers

Some of Hollywood's top talents assemble to portray an all-star team of superheroes in Joss Whedon's *The Avengers*.



The Avengers

Robert Downey Jr., Samuel L. Jackson, Mark Ruffalo, Scarlett Johansson

All those sneak-peak trailers at the end of the *Iron Man* movies and *Captain America: The First Avenger*? Frankly, they've meant bubkes to us. We don't want to incur the wrath of comic-book fans worldwide, but this elite club of superheroes they've been touting is strictly for higher-level geeks, not casual fans of the genre. But *The Avengers* is finally here, and some of these characters have grown on us: Downey Jr.'s Tony Stark is wittier than most action heroes, while Chris Hemsworth's Thor turned out to be unexpectedly likable for a Nordic lunkhead. But all eyes will be on Ruffalo's Bruce Banner (he's the third actor to fill the role in nine years), Jeremy Renner's Hawkeye, and Johansson's sultry Black Widow. The studio is hoping they'll help draw the nongeek vote, and put this blockbuster combo-platter over the top at the box office.



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The Raven

John Cusack, Brendan Gleeson, Alice Eve

Unlikely source aside, spirits are high for this action-thriller based (extremely loosely) on the final days of Edgar Allan Poe's life in Baltimore. A serial killer is on the loose, committing atrocities inspired by the fictional works of the famed author, who is enlisted by the local constable to help track him down. As the unwitting impetus for the murders, and the inventor of the detective novel, Poe is uniquely suited to the task. Director James McTeigue (*V for Vendetta*) is due for a smart breakthrough, and the casting of Cusack as the hyper-verbal hero is spot-on.



Hysteria

Maggie Gyllenhaal, Hugh Dancy, Rupert Everett, Jonathan Pryce

No matter what their malady—major or minor—Victorian-era women frequently received a medical diagnosis of “hysterical” (usually followed by a curt wave out the door). We're not betting that you'll find this period comedy even close to that, but it does concern a real-life breakthrough of no small interest: the invention of the vibrator. Everett and Dancy perfect their device, designed to treat the aforementioned diagnosis, behind discreet curtains while patients Felicity Jones and Gyllenhaal enjoy the cure. But don't go in expecting hard-core action—unless you're a time traveler from the Victorian era.



The Dictator


Sacha Baron Cohen, Megan Fox, Anna Faris

Has Baron Cohen's shtick jumped the shark? His latest “outrageous” character looks, at first glance, like his weakest: a decades-in-power Arab despot with a skanky beard who rules with an iron fist. This minor-league Hussein comes to America, parades down Fifth Avenue, and antagonizes New Yorkers—expect many terrorism jokes, possibly of the boundary-pushing variety. We have doubts about the comic potential here, but very few misgivings about the supporting cast: The sultry Fox plays a high-priced hooker, and the underrated Faris has a sizable role, too. Crucially, Baron Cohen isn't duping unwitting civilians into fake interviews this time out. Can he make a scripted story fly?



Marley

Bob Marley, Ziggy Marley, Rita Marley

Still a fixture on dorm-room posters across the country, reggae legend Bob Marley desperately needs a reevaluation as more than just a happy herberman. (You could even say it's high time.) After directors Martin Scorsese and Jonathan Demme abandoned the task, Kevin Macdonald (*The Last King of Scotland*) finished it: His lengthy, two-hours-plus documentary is being called “definitive.” Heavy on the Jamaican icon's politics, the film touches on his occasionally naive strain of activism, along with his cultivation of a rapt, global audience. Naturally, the music sounds as vital as ever. Put this in your pipe and smoke it: Marley might have been the most important artist of the 1970s. 



TAKE ACTION

Summer blockbuster season is right around the corner, so get your adrenaline pumping with amped-up flicks and gripping TV.

Mission: Impossible: Ghost Protocol

Your mission, should you choose to ... okay, scratch that. We'll skip the easy joke. But it really *is* your duty as a testosterone-producing member of the human race to have this in your collection. We admit we were worried that the fourth installment in the series would be nothing more than tired retread. But it turned out to be the best *M* yet, thanks to the rogue mission, mind-blowing special effects, and the all-in-good-fun vibe delivered by director Brad Bird (a Pixar alum with a pair of animated-movie Oscars under his belt). The 1080p video and Dolby TrueHD 7.1 soundtrack on the Blu-ray disc were pretty much made for movies like this, and bonus features include deleted scenes and an alternate opening.

Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows

Sequels dominated the box office last year, and *A Game of Shadows* was no exception—it rode the success of the 2009 original to a half-billion-dollar gross. The second installment pitted Holmes against evil genius Professor Moriarty, a war profiteer looking to line his pockets by igniting a world war. Holmes versus Moriarty is a meeting of the minds, but the explosive action scenes and 360-degree CGI landscapes keep things from getting too cerebral. The extras are shrouded in mystery, but check out the Blu-ray to do justice to the amazing effects.

Treme: The Complete Second Season

This HBO drama follows the lives of musicians in post-Katrina New Orleans. The second season kicks off about a year after the hurricane, and the characters' personal struggles are interwoven with the real-life news headlines—FEMA corruption, MIA insurance checks, rising crime rates, and a fight to preserve NOLA's culture. The four-disc set includes music commentary, behind-the-scenes featurettes, and picture-in-picture features.



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Tom Clancy's Ghost Recon: Future Soldier

UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

If the nonstop firefights of *Modern Warfare 3* and *Battlefield 3* have left you with post-traumatic stress disorder, consider this latest Tom Clancy-stamped shooter a sort of smart-weapon therapy. The war zones here—scattered from South America to the Middle East—are no less treacherous, but victory depends on more than having the reflexes of a 12-year-old smart-ass assassin. You'll need to master strategic leadership of your four-man squad and careful use of tomorrow's weapons.

Future Soldier's developers recruited the help of Navy SEALs to arm the game with gadgets fit for duty in the next few years. Your arsenal includes remote-control surveillance drones, targeting grenades that mark enemies on your map, and optical camouflage that cloaks your body armor in a see-through shimmer (like the dreadlocked alien from the movie *Predator*). Commanding your three squad mates is a simple matter of pointing and clicking. (Real-life players assume their roles in cooperative multiplayer missions.) You can order them to scout ahead, concentrate their shots on a single enemy, or target multiple enemies for one synchronized

surgical strike when you pull the trigger. Real-time satellite surveillance provides the lay of the land before you dash into the next area.

Most firefights here are fought from behind cover. You lead your guys from obstacle to obstacle, automatically crouching behind cars and flattening against buildings at the touch of a button. Of course, you can just ignore all these tactical advantages and send in your squad with guns set to full-auto, but that seems like an old-fashioned way to play a game called *Future Soldier*.

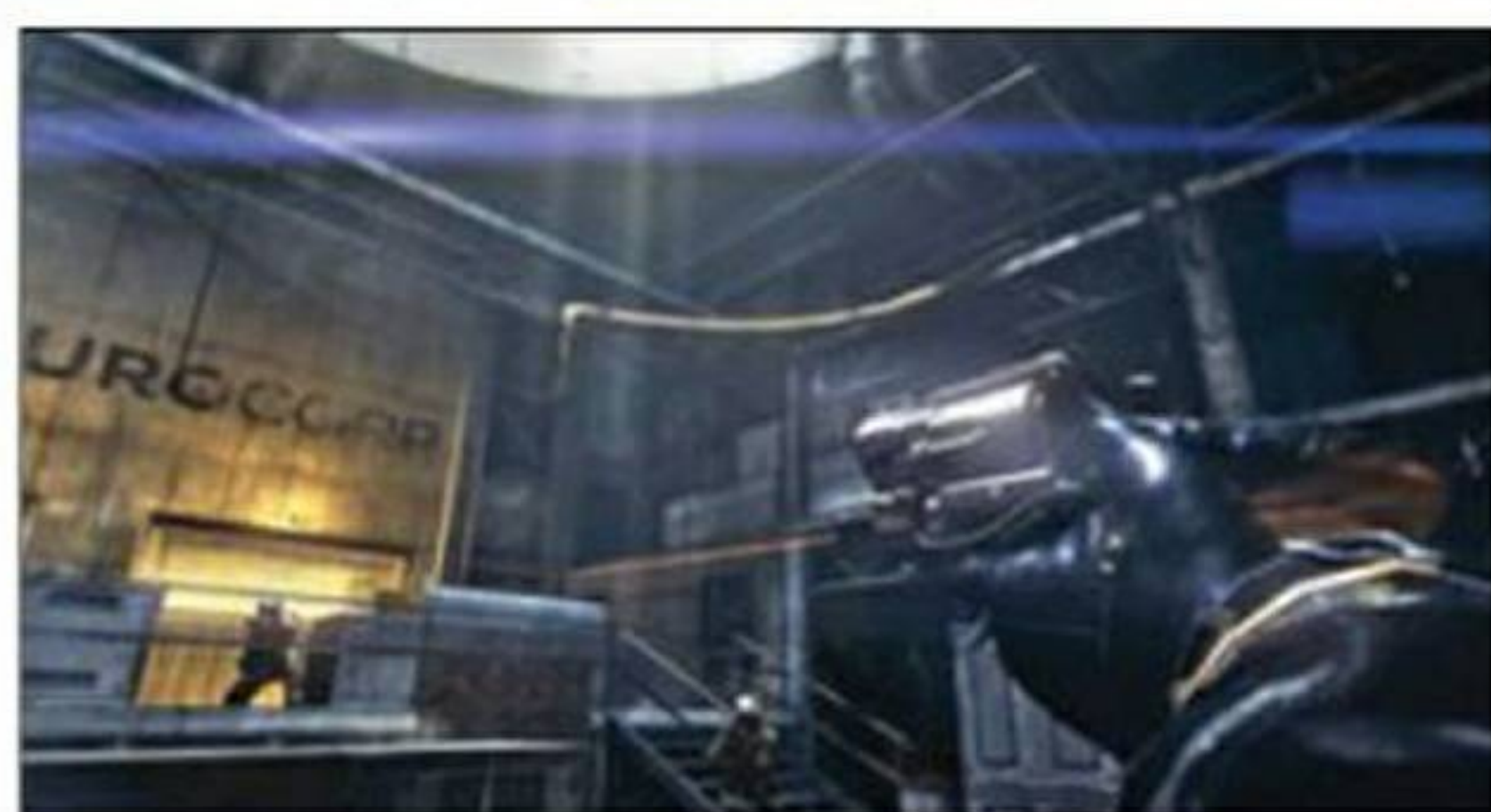
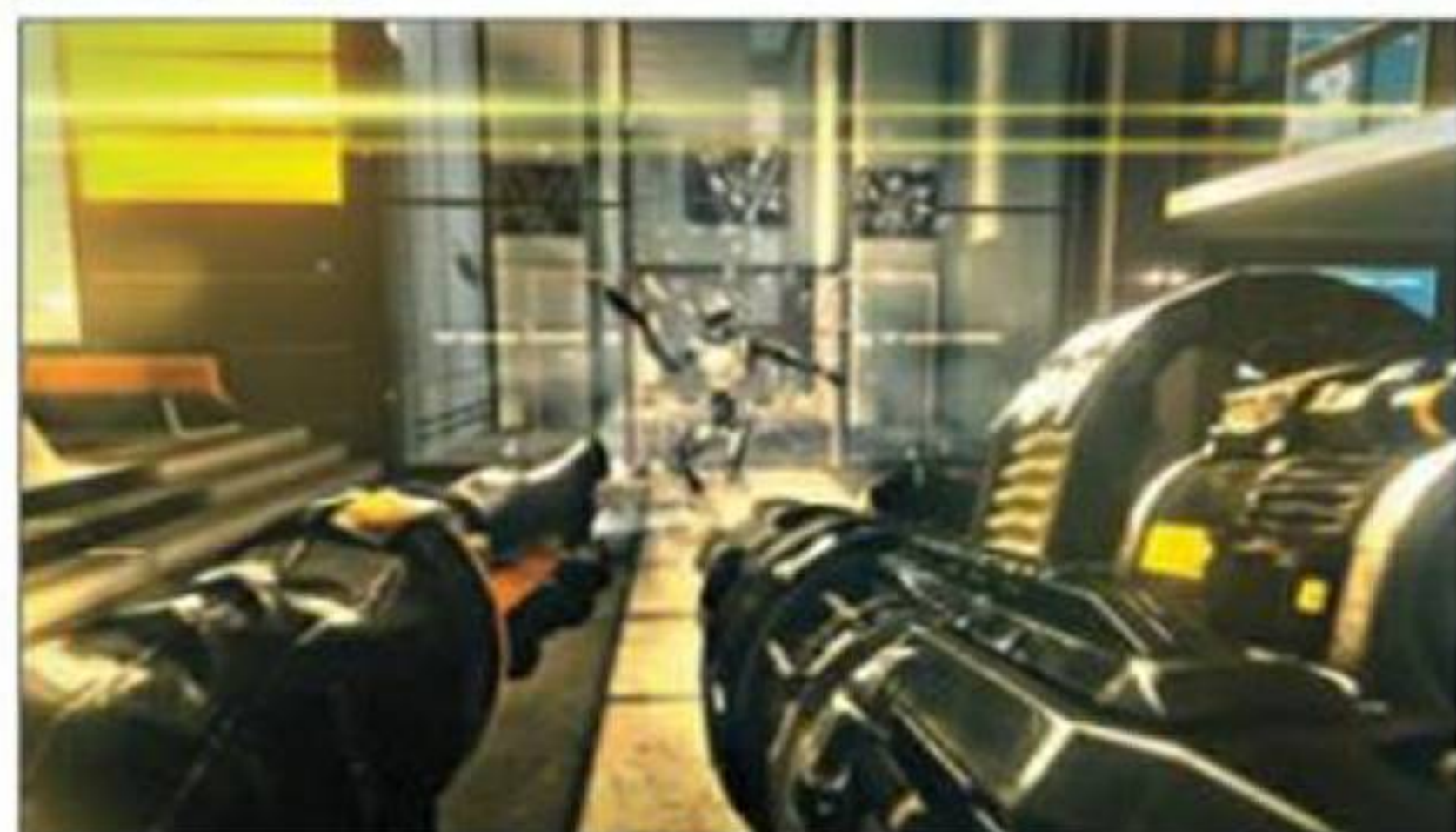


**DRAGON'S DOGMA**

CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3)

If this game's initials don't give you a clue about its theme and setting, then either you've suffered a battle-axe blow to the head or you've never chucked a 20-sided Dungeons & Dragons die. Yep, *Dragon's Dogma* is an epic hack-and-slash ode to serious high-fantasy, rife with dungeons to spelunk, scaly beasts to slay, and perilous quests to check off ye olde to-do list. It's sort of a gateway adventure for players too shy to sojourn online, and it lets you recruit a party of computer-controlled "pawn" cohorts created by other *Dragon's Dogma* players. These sidekick sorcerers, warriors, and archers back you up—and even chat you up—just like real-world players, except they never take White Castle breaks or give you lip about loot-splitting.

REVIEWS

**SYNDICATE**ELECTRONIC ARTS
(XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

★★★★

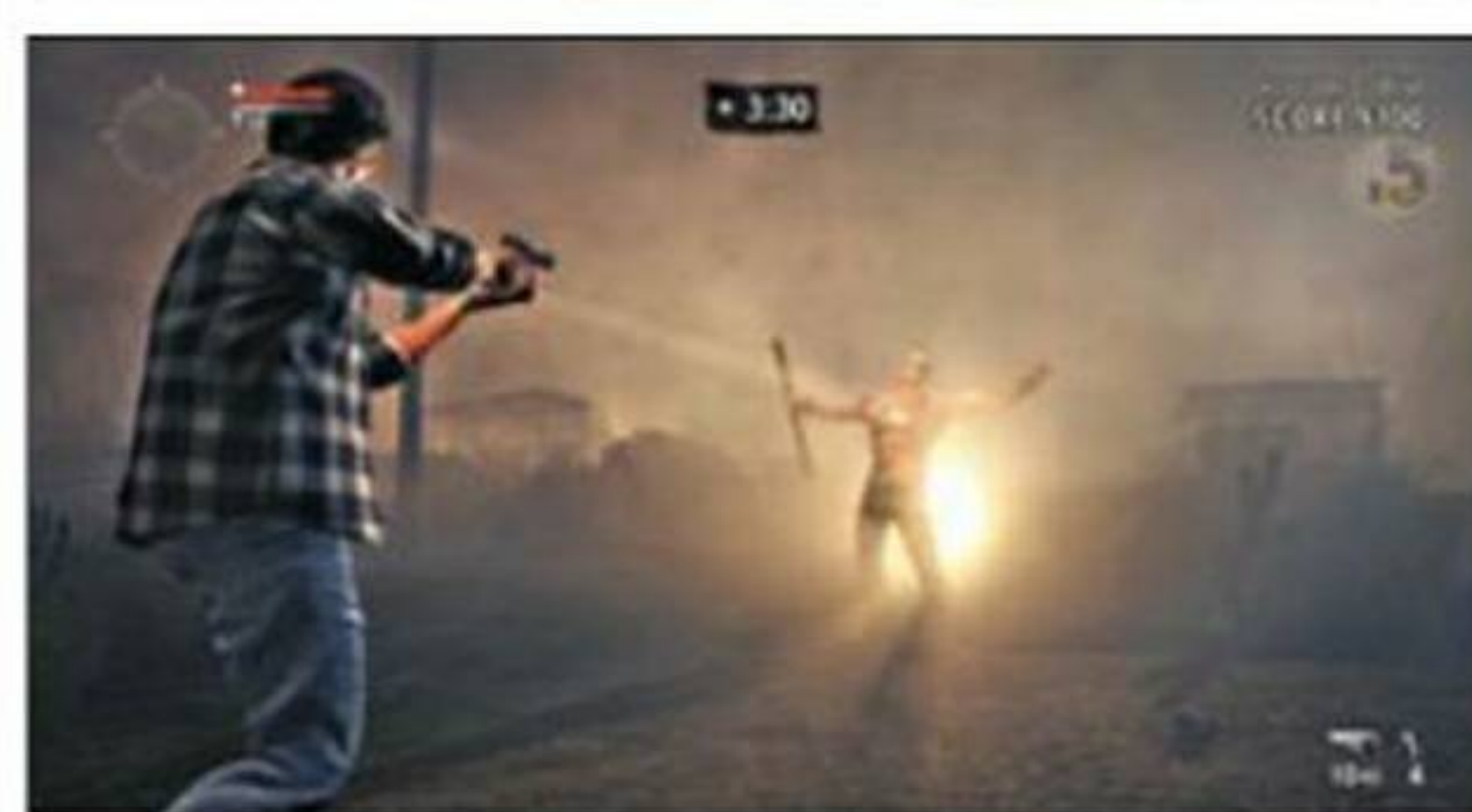
A different sort of futuristic shooter, this first-person update to a classic PC strategy game pits its hero—a trench-coat-clad company man—against evil corporate drones instead of the usual alien armadas. Your arsenal of upgradable energy weapons is straight out of 2069, but you'll never climb the corporate ladder without using your head. More specifically, a chip in your skull augments your senses and lets you assume control of enemy agents. This hacking ability adds a layer of strategy to each firefight, although single-player missions and the cyberpunk scenery become slightly repetitive after a while. The four-player cooperative mode is more fun, focusing on action and tactics. Building synergy with online colleagues is the best way to play *Syndicate*.

**HOT SHOTS GOLF: WORLD INVITATIONAL**

SONY (PS VITA)

★★★★

If you're looking for a PS Vita launch game that shows off all the system's bells and whistles, don't bother teeing this up. Despite some token uses of the touch screen, multiplayer network, and tilt features, the game plays nearly the same as every previous console version in the series. In other words, you can practically tear through the well-designed courses with one hand. But that's what makes *Hot Shots* such a great on-the-go golf experience. The one-finger stroke meter gets you right into the swing of things—pun intended—letting you challenge online opponents with virtually no learning curve. Unlockable gear and saucer-eyed golfers make it clear this game was made in Japan, but that's all part of the charm.

**ALAN WAKE'S AMERICAN NIGHTMARE**

MICROSOFT (XBOX 360, PC)

★★★★

You don't need to have played 2010's cinematic adventure *Alan Wake* to dive into this downloadable pseudo sequel. A stand-alone game (meaning you don't need the original to play it), *American Nightmare* opens with the titular flashlight-wielding writer transported to one of his own creations—the campy, creepy, made-for-TV town of Night Springs. Here, story takes a backseat to action as Wake takes on waves of Taken, the psychotic desert dwellers that go bump in the game's perpetual night. Manuscript pages scattered around town fill in the backstory for newbies, but they're more worthwhile for the weapons they unlock, including sawed-off shotguns and power tools. Bonus arcade modes flesh out the package, making the \$15 game a killer deal. **A-**

CHANGING HIS STRIPES

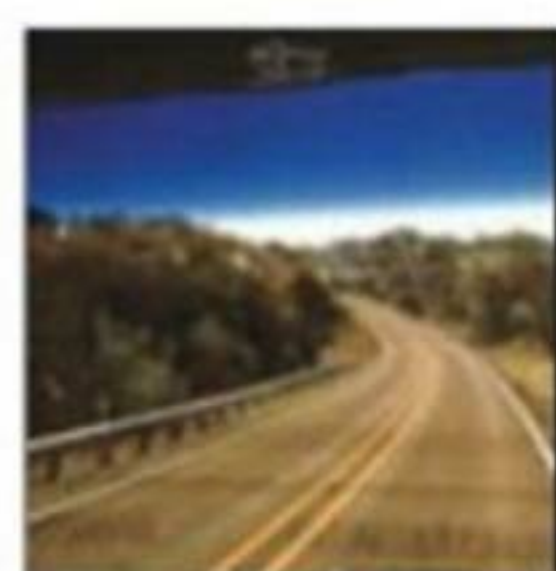
Jack White shifts gears on his debut solo album, which has more rolling piano than rocking guitar.



JACK WHITE
Blunderbuss
Third Man/Columbia
★★★



Jack White is nothing if not considerate. On this, the former White Stripes frontman's first solo album since dissolving his dynamic duo, he acclimates listeners slowly, track-by-track, to his more stately status quo. On the opener, "Missing Pieces," White wakes up with a nosebleed in the shower while a Hammond organ toots and grooves. "Sixteen Saltines" is a familiar icky thump, spiked with some sexy Stratocaster nonsense about Magic Markers and licking fingers. But eventually White's piano slides toward center stage. The ballroom bliss of the title track and the ivory-tickling "Trash Tongue Talker" make it plain that the 36-year-old has changed his bright stripes for more age-appropriate, understated tones.



The Young are a practically un-Google-able four-piece from Austin, and *Dub Egg*, their second full-length, is sweet, heavy, and sticky—like barbecue sauce under a hot Texas sun. They mix front dude Hans Zimmerman's insouciant punk-rock snarl with the chunky guitars of long-haired, seventies-style rock. The crunchy "Plunging Rollers" wouldn't sound out of place at a particularly smoky planetarium show, and the noodly "Numb" meanders toward a truly trippy bridge. Occasionally, moments of heart-racing beauty soar above the purple haze ("Don't Hustle for Love"), providing peaks for this addictive, psychotropic disc.



THE YOUNG
Dub Egg
Matador
★★★

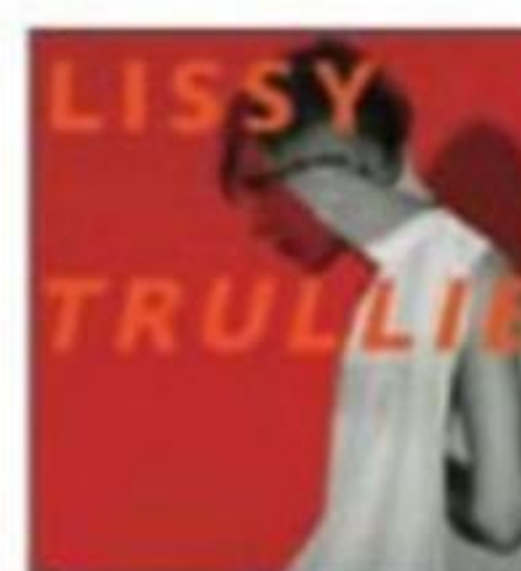


If Zooey Deschanel is the New Girl, then M. Ward, her partner in the retro-pop duo She & Him, is the Old Guy. Not necessarily

in years (he's 38), but because Ward's solo music is built for a more analog age. His eighth album, like those that preceded it, is a well-considered collection of well-worn sounds, echo-y folk better suited for crackly transistor radios than iPod earbuds. "I love my friends," Ward sings on the title track—and with good reason. *Wasteland* calls in favors from a decade in the indie trenches, and features members of Bright Eyes and Sonic Youth, and Deschanel herself. The whole thing passes like a dream—just one you might not remember in the morning.



M. WARD
A Wasteland Companion
Merge
★★



Everything about Lissy Trullie screams rock 'n' roll chic: She's a former model and Manhattan party fixture whose foxy

androgyny is tailor-made for the cover of an album. The only thing that doesn't live up to Trullie's alluring image, unfortunately ... is her album. The self-titled disc, produced by a downtown-hipster dream team of John Hill (Santigold) and Dave Sitek (TV on the Radio), aims for the detached swagger of Chrissie Hynde, but winds up a wan pretender. Opener "Rules We Obey" stumbles when it should swagger, and the somber single "Madeleine" would put Nico to sleep. The fizzy "X Red" livens things up a bit, but the rest is simply too chilly to be cool.



LISSY TRULLIE
Lissy Trullie
Downtown
★★



Slacking to Success

Forget Broadway—Kevin Smith's self-help book will show you how to succeed without really trying.

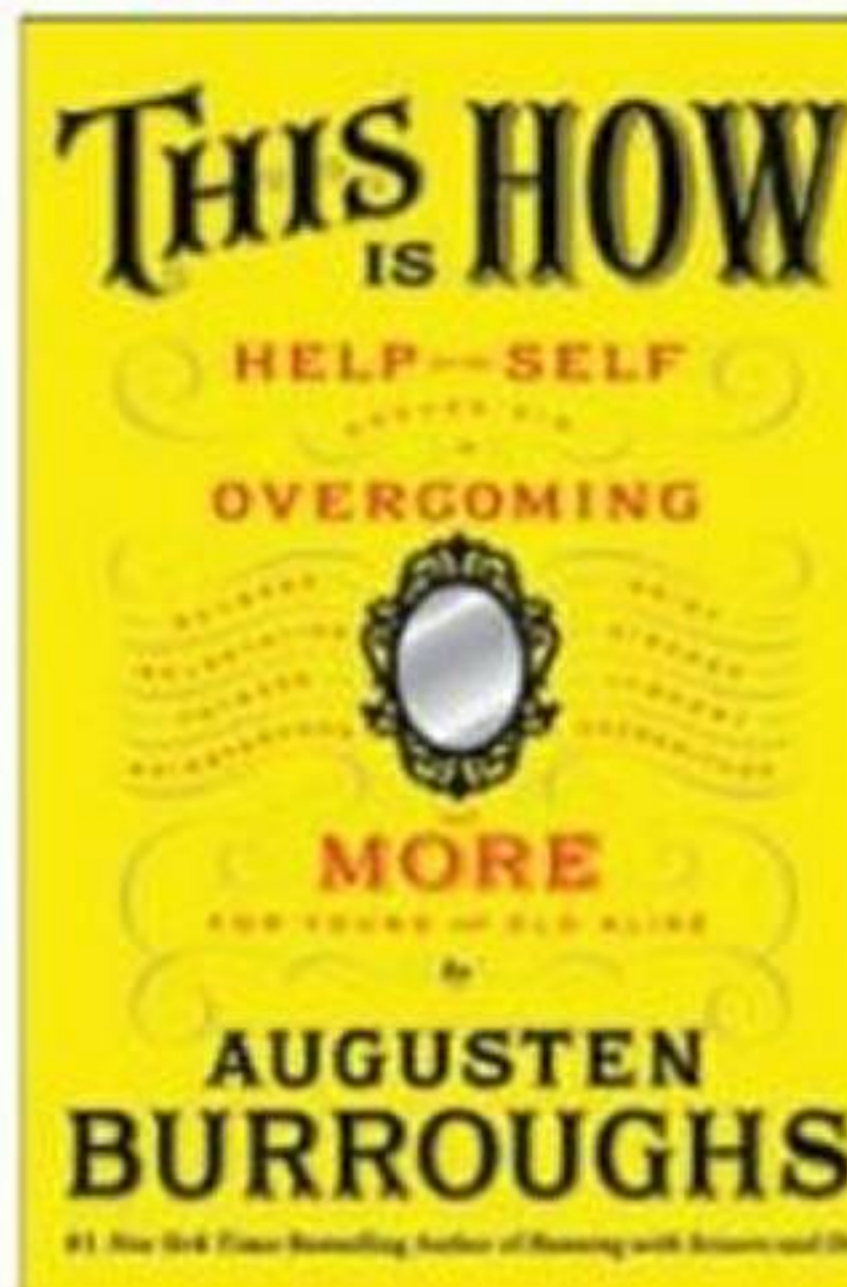
Tough Sh*t: Life Advice From a Fat, Lazy Slob Who Did Good

By Kevin Smith
Gotham Books

Kevin Smith wants you to know that you can start from anywhere and become a success. That's the main theme of *Tough Sh*t*, which tracks the author's profanity-laced ascent from New Jersey convenience-store clerk to successful indie filmmaker and podcaster. Partway through the narrative, Smith transforms from

potty-mouthed movie geek into doting father and still-horny husband. Sometimes Smith veers into self-indulgence, so while it's interesting to hear about what a jerk Bruce Willis was on-set, the book is at its best on such topics as artistic inspiration, creativity, and finding a purpose in life. (Though we did enjoy the play-by-play of Smith getting kicked off a Southwest Airlines flight.) Smith doesn't offer self-help tips so much as teach by example with his passion for living life on his own terms.

This Is How
By Augusten Burroughs



Like Smith's book, the new offering by Burroughs (*Running With Scissors*), from St. Martin's Press, is an advice book of sorts, on everything from anorexia to job interviews to alcoholism, from dying children to domestic violence.

Burroughs often reaches too far outside his personal experience, but when he sticks with what he knows, such as caring for a dying loved one, he shines. The chapter on suicide is haunting, but ultimately positive: Burroughs details his own step-by-step suicide plan—before revealing what made him choose to reclaim the life he was given. He deserves kudos for tackling such tough topics head-on, even if his opinions are often oversimplifications.

You Are Good at Things: A Checklist
By Andy Selsberg



Everyone is good at something, right? Well, according to Selsberg, a former staff writer at *The Onion*, many people are good at many, many things. He's made a lengthy (and hilarious) checklist, in fact. Having

appropriate expressions while watching sex scenes? Check. Sharing food without making everyone else around uncomfortable? Check. Making the last half-ounce of toothpaste last for a month? That's in there, too. This book, from Perigee Trade, surely contains your secret skill—probably dozens of them. As masters of catching things that fall off the shelf of the medicine cabinet—every time, without ever missing one—we highly recommend it. 



REAL LIVE SEX!

Watch and Chat
with sexy cam girls



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*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade
from a free membership to a paid membership.



Thai One On

Forget the massages and illegal firearms. The real reason to visit Thailand and Vietnam is the cheap booze and even cheaper beer.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

As a freshman at leafy Ohio University, I spent Wednesday eves at a sticky-floored dive, drinking suds from a plastic cup. That the saloon served underage students was scarcely unique; what made those Wednesdays special was that 25 cents bought about 12 ounces of watery beer. Those nights, a couple of crinkled dollars purchased a portal to an intoxicating new world, one filled with falling—both on the ground and into strangers' beds. As with sex, all good things come to an end. Eventually, the cops shuttered the law-flouting bar, making the late nineties the last time I chugged such inexpensive beer.

"Beer can be even cheaper in Vietnam," my friend Lauren, a fellow food writer, told me one recent afternoon. She'd spent several months living in Hanoi, a city smitten with the rice-driven, low-alcohol lager *bia hoi*, aka "fresh beer." Each morning, Vietnamese watering holes receive their daily allotment of the unfiltered, preservative-free draft beer, which declines in quality as the day drags on. Thus, *bia hoi* is quaffed early and often—an easy task, when mugs cost as little as 20 cents.

"Baby," I told my wife when planning our annual winter trip, "we need to go to Southeast Asia. I'll buy you as many massages as you want." Those words won her heart. We booked our flights to Hanoi, then to northern Thailand's Chiang Mai and Bangkok, in the south. My mission was to sample as many cheap beers and spirits as possible. Could quality match cost? For this inquisitive, penny-pinching drunk, it seemed like paradise. But as I discovered, even paradise has a dark, boring side.

After more than 24 hours of jetting across a dozen time zones, we arrived in Hanoi as strung out as speed freaks. Sleep would've been the smart thing, but I'm rarely the brightest lightbulb. "I'd like a beer," I told my wife, who begrudgingly grabbed her bag and followed me into the cool, crazed night. Smog-cloaked Hanoi is barely controlled chaos, with rivers of honking motorbikes coursing down the Old Quarter's cramped streets. The sidewalks are equally clogged with vendors serving steaming noodle



In Hanoi's Old Quarter, everyone is united by 25-cent beer. I could've spent my entire trip happily sipping *bia hoi*.



soups to patrons contorted into teensy plastic chairs suited for six-year-olds. Yet I craved a different liquid sustenance, searching out corner hangouts where the sooty awnings announced two words: *bia hoi*.

"That looks like a nice spot," I told my wife, hustling her to a bar—well, a dented silver keg surrounded by stools, knee-high plastic tables, and the bartender: a fiftysomething woman holding a foamy plastic tube. "*Bia?*" she asked. I nodded, passed her 5,000 dong (about 25 cents), and received a smudged glass filled with golden beer. It recalled Bud but drank much brisker, with an appealing effervescence. In minutes, I disappeared my first mug, then my second. The old boozehounds beside me nodded in approval. I wanted more beer. "But we need to go to bed," my wife said, beckoning us back to the hotel. "There will be more tomorrow."

The next day, following an afternoon of buying bootleg sneakers and devouring grilled pork, we moseyed to Bia Hoi Corner. Each corner of the Old Quarter intersection features casually decrepit *bia hoi* joints circled by tiny chairs commandeered by tourists, expats, and chain-smoking locals, everyone united by 25-cent beer. I chugged four glasses while snacking on herbaceous omelets prepared by a sidewalk vendor.

"What do you think?" I asked my wife, passing her my beer. "I like the eggs," she announced diplomatically. *Bia hoi* is not for the picky connoisseur, but the cost compensates for the lack of flavorful nuance. Indeed, I could've spent my entire trip happily sipping *bia hoi*, but our itinerary demanded we depart to the Gulf of Tonkin's Halong Bay, which is studded with some 1,600 limestone islands protruding like craggy thumbs.

In preparation for the two-day cruise, I bought a 750-milliliter, three-buck bottle of Vodka Hanoi. (The carafes of booze entombing fanged cobras clutching scorpions were tempting, but not so conducive to an afternoon of seafaring imbibing.) Whereas most vodkas are typically distilled from wheat, corn, or potatoes, this nearly 80-proof spirit relies on rice. The hooch has a sweet aroma backed by a slick, somewhat greasy aftertaste. The vodka would be best ice-cold, but in-room freezers, as well as extra toilet paper, were



lacking on our "luxury" cruise. Instead, we mixed our vodka with the sugary juice available onboard, creating a pleasantly palatable cocktail.

"More, please," my wife commanded, extending a glass with a bendy purple straw. I refilled her cup before departing to the bottom deck to visit the floating convenience store bobbing beside our vessel. Industrious locals stock their boats with candy bars, chips, bottled water, and cans of Bia Hoi Hanoi, selling goods to captive tourists. I nabbed a beer, finding it thin and metallic, a far cry from fresh *bia hoi*.

My disappointment continued in Chiang Mai, a city filled with Buddhist *wats*, or temples, as stunning as the suds were subpar. Massive, buck-fifty bottles of lagers such as Leo, Singha, and Archer were largely forgettable and interchangeable, save for the elevated alcohol content of Chang. Seeking a new inebriant, I hit a 7-Eleven (one of thousands found across Thailand, sometimes two to a block) and purchased a cold SiamSato (a sweetish "rice beer") and rice wine adorned with a cobra image. "It's ... very hot," the clerk warned me.



"Hot" wasn't the half of it. The cobra booze drank like flaming rubbing alcohol, the fumes assaulting my nose like gasoline. To eradicate the taste of the rice wine, I opened the SiamSato. It smelled sweet, rotten, and sour, with a tangy flavor like apple cider spiked with artificial sweeteners. Needless to say, I slumbered sober that night. And the ensuing night. On the beachy island of

Ko Samet, my wife and I broke the streak by drinking nearly a dozen bottles of strong Chang beer. Come sunrise, we paid the piper with hammering hangovers.

"You got Chang'd," my friend Matt told me days later at his apartment in Bangkok, where we wrapped up our trip. The ex-New Yorker and craft-beer drinker had spent three years teaching in Bangkok, lamenting the lack of good brews and wine. Excessive taxes, he explained, make decent wine expensive, "and you never know if it'll be ruined by the heat." He sometimes splurged on imported Belgian brews, but he'd given up on most Thai beer, save for crisp Phuket lager. This sameness would drive me nuts. In fact, after two weeks of travel I was daydreaming about drinking hoppy IPAs.

"Well," Matt started, "I do have a few beers you may like." He led me to a small fridge hidden in a side room. He opened the door. As in *Pulp Fiction*, when Samuel L. Jackson cracks open the mysterious briefcase, I was bathed in a glorious light. Inside, Matt had secreted bottles of Belgian sour beers, homemade mead, and Beerlao Dark. "Try this," he said, pouring the

Laotian brew into a tall glass. The nutmeg-brown beer smelled of sweet roasted malt and caramel, backed by flavors of cocoa and a gentle bitterness. After weeks of drifting through a lager-filled desert, Beerlao Dark was like diving into an oasis. I sipped it slowly, staring outside into the hot Bangkok night, savoring the comforts of home far away. 

At Home in the Urban Jungle

Dress to impress, no matter where life takes you. • By Bill Heald


Designers are versatile creatures, but as with most professions, they have certain limitations regarding creativity when it comes to maintaining a company image. This has been especially true for the creative teams at Land Rover's Range Rover division, as they have had to instill new products with the attributes that have made the British marque famous while moving the brand forward with modern engineering. For these folks, the hallmark attribute has always been the ability to haul you through the worst muck imaginable—including rocks, sand, and Mordor-like conditions—with such composure that you never even spill your tea. Rovers are the gold standard for the luxury sport-utility breed, and while the company has incorporated the latest technology, they've soldiered on with a box-on-wheels, function-over-form design ethos. What would happen if they decided to go off the trail and create a machine that bears the company logo yet is more (dare I say it?) evocative of a high-fashion urban lifestyle?

What has happened is the Evoque, a dramatic visual departure from the Range Rovers of old. It's a bold step, and "the lightest and most fuel-efficient Range Rover ever produced" starts with styling derived directly from the company's LRX concept vehicle. It almost looks like the designers took the Rover's signature-edition tall, square greenhouse of a body and slammed it enough to give it some serious street cred. It stands out dramatically, with a totally different vibe when posing with the rest of the Rover family. Instead of going fly-fishing at the end of a rutted fire road or on a picnic with a really expensive designer basket, the Evoque looks primed for a night of clubbing. Even the innovative interior LED lighting says it loves the nightlife, and this unique ride looks at home parked among even the most exclusive upscale sports machinery.

With the option of either a two-door "coupe" or five-door version built on the same wheelbase, it's clear that personalization starts before the Evoque even leaves the factory. In fact, the more you examine this charismatic SUV, the more you realize it ventures as far afield from the company's typical approach to design as its ancestors wandered off paved roads. The typical trim-level hierarchy has been replaced with "the choice of three stylish design themes, each of which has its own distinctive character." These three themes include Pure, Prestige, and Dynamic, each of which sets the tone for the overall appearance of both the exterior and interior. As mentioned before, you can customize your Evoque extensively thanks to 12 exterior paint options, three contrasting roof hues, 12 designer-tailored interiors, five alloy-wheel choices, and various option packages. Highly appreciated is the standard full-size panoramic glass roof, which helps make the interior feel more expansive than the tight windows and

high beltline alone would allow. In fact, while this is the smallest Range Rover, even the two-door variant offers acceptable cargo room for moderate excursions.

The Evoque is not as hard-core an off-roader as its siblings (and there's no Low range to the transfer case), but don't think it's not loaded with the latest in high-tech, all-wheel-drive-traction tricks. This includes a Terrain Response system with four settings, Hill Descent and Gradient Release controls, Hill Start Assist, and a suite of stability controls. All of these help channel the turbocharged inline four's 240 horsepower as efficiently as possible, for crisp response whether you're on tarmac or in swamp muck. The suspension is calibrated for a firm ride with generous wheel travel, but for the ultimate Rover experience, the optional MagneRide Adaptive Dynamics system (available with the Dynamic theme choice) adjusts suspension-damping on the fly, determining vehicle movements 1,000 times per second. This technology knows if you're on Broadway or in Baja, and instantly adjusts rates accordingly.

Such adaptability to keep you rolling regardless of conditions is a Range Rover tradition, so purists take note: It may be dressed as if it's a stunning, urbane supermodel, but underneath it's still a determined, all-weather mule. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door or five-door SUV
Engine	Two-liter turbo-charged inline four
Power	240 horsepower
Torque	250 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed automatic
Front tires	235/55 R19
Rear tires	235/55 R19
Curb weight	3,902 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	7.1 seconds
Top speed	135 mph
Fuel capacity	18.5 gallons
EPA mpg	18 city/28 highway
Base price	Two-door: \$44,995; five-door: \$43,995



Canyon-Carving With a Trunk

Honda makes adaptability a very sweet ride. • By Bill Heald

Motorcycles have been going through a crazy period in terms of nomenclature, for the simple categories (like sport bike, dirt bike, tour bike, etc.) are vanishing as the classes are expanding into more specialized subgenres, like touring cruiser, muscle bike, and the hugely popular adventure bike. And when Honda introduced the all-new adventure mount in New York City this winter, the company complicated the issue further by asking, "What do you see when you look at the 2012 Honda NC700X? An adventure-style bike? An urban-assault commuter? A country-road explorer? A two-up getaway machine? Or perhaps all of the above?"

What you may in fact see is a very slick, elegantly sculpted motorcycle that can be pretty much whatever you need it to be and look good in every role you assign to it. By starting with the light, flickable chassis of a dual-sport-style bike, Honda has taken its vast experience in building every kind of street machine imaginable and combined the best of many worlds. The compact, punchy, 670-cc parallel-twin that powers the NC is an all-new design, with the cylinders mounted at a 62-degree angle for a low center of gravity and a counter-balancer for smooth operation. Things get really interesting on the transmission side, for you can go with a conventional six-speed gearbox or opt for a Dual-Clutch Transmission (DCT) that is essentially an automatic with two performance modes and a manual setting. Combined ABS brakes are part of this package, so you have models available for both motorcycle purists and those seeking the

latest advancements in technology.

That said, even the "standard" NC is loaded with clever features that help it do many things well. The seating position is upright enough for all-day comfort, even in congested traffic situations. The small wind-screen keeps the windblast at bay for comfortable highway cruising as well. The long-travel suspension handles potholes and curbs with ease, and the fuel tank is located below the seat for mass centralization that translates to great low-speed maneuverability. But wait: What is that orb that looks like the fuel tank, then? It's a cleverly hidden 21-liter trunk that can hold a full-face helmet. Need more storage? Custom-designed accessories include a 45-liter rear trunk, 29-liter saddlebags, and a rear carrier, as well as a boatload of additional goodies. But here's where this Honda shines brightest: It's an attractive canvas where you can create a bike that can be whatever you desire it to be, supported by Honda's typical build-quality and attention to detail. It's the perfect scenario: She's beautiful, and she can cook any kind of cuisine you fancy, too. 





SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled parallel-twin
Bore x stroke	73 mm x 80 mm
Displacement	670 cc
Fuel system	Programmed Fuel Injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six-speed manual or six-speed DCT
Front suspension	41-mm cartridge forks
Rear suspension	Single preload-adjustable shock
Front brake	Single 320-mm disc, optional Combined ABS
Rear brake	Single 240-mm disc, optional Combined ABS
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	160/60 ZR17
Fuel tank	3.7-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	60.6 inches
Seat height	32.7 inches
Curb weight	Manual: 472 pounds; automatic and Combined ABS: 505 pounds
Base price	Manual: \$6,999; automatic and Combined ABS: \$8,999



Spyware

Seven sexy gadgets that provide a secret service.

By Crispin Boyer

■ Omni 27

HP • \$1,200

The Windows-based alternative to Apple's 27-inch iMac, HP's Omni 27, is a multimedia PC disguised as a 27-inch HDTV. The baseline model comes with respectable specifications, including the latest

Core i5 processor, eight gigabytes of RAM, a DVD/Blu-ray combo drive, and a massive one-terabyte hard drive for media storage. Although it's powerful enough for productivity and light gaming, it's really designed as an all-in-one entertainment center for small apartments, dens, or dorms. The 27-inch edge-to-edge display, despite being a smidge less sharp than Apple's iMac, is more than adequate for streaming flicks or plugging in your Xbox 360.



■ PenCam 4GB

Swann • \$50

You could concoct all sorts of legit-sounding excuses to own a video-camera pen (record the boss's Power-Point presentations, snap photos of your receipts for accurate expense reports). Whatever your real reason for office surveillance, the PenCam will do the job without raising suspicions. The camera surreptitiously captures 640 by 480 AVI video and photos at 1,280 by 1,024 resolution. The four gigabytes of internal memory hold two hours of video and 18,000 photos, which you transfer to your computer via USB. Just be careful what you upload to YouTube—unless you want to explain yourself to HR.



■ USB cufflinks

Ravi Ratan • \$250

James Bond might have a car that turns into a submarine and a watch that deflects bullets, but so far he's been shit out of luck when it comes to ferrying gigabytes of data or sharing Wi-Fi between gadgets. That's where this practical gizmo for the black-tie IT guy comes in. The polished-silver set offers a double whammy of data-sharing, with one serving as a two-gigabyte USB drive and the other interfacing with your Windows laptop to create a Wi-Fi hot spot. This high-tech executive bling is available from CuffLinks.com, which also offers USB-only versions in a variety of finishes.



■ Coolpix P510

Nikon • \$430

This is essential equipment for outdoor surveillance missions, aka ogling babes at the beach. Its wide-angle lens is capable of an astounding 42x optical zoom, while image-stabilization technology locks down every intimate detail on faraway subjects. Lightning-quick autofocus lets you get fast on the trigger, snapping up to five full-resolution shots per second. The P510's 16.1-megapixel CMOS sensor allows for detailed pics in any lighting condition, and the same goes for recording 1080p movies (complete with stereo sound). A host of automatic features helps newbies make the most of this serious shooter.



■ Sportiiiis heads-up display

4iiii • \$199

If you can look past its cheesy name (pronounced "sport eyes"), this is actually a handy training tool that just might save cyclists from becoming roadkill. Using a universal mount, the device connects to a pair of sunglasses and links wirelessly to any ANT+ sensors for monitoring heart rate, bike speed, etc. (Eyewear and sensors are sold separately.) A series of lights projected beneath your right eye—along with optional audio cues—help you stay in your target training zone without taking your eyes off the road. You can even program custom training routines with the included smartphone app and PC/Mac software.

Fairway lushes will love the Smuggler, a soft-sided beverage cooler that tucks into a golf bag without leaving beer-can bumps.

■ Smuggler golf-bag beer cooler

Bracketron • \$25

Despite Rodney Dangerfield's beer-on-tap example in *Caddyshack* more than 30 years ago, country clubs still haven't wised up to the fact that golf is better with a PBR. Fairway lushes will have to rely on the Smuggler, a soft-sided beverage cooler that tucks into a golf bag without leaving telltale beer-can bumps. It's equipped with a reusable freezable gel pack, and will keep a six-pack of your favorite suds frosty from tee to sweltering tee on hot afternoons. Of course, the Smuggler also chills nonalcoholic canned beverages if you're not the type to break the rules—or throw off your handicap with beer goggles. 



■ Freedom Bluetooth wireless headphones

JayBird • \$99

Jogging while wearing traditional earbuds is doable but difficult: The wires snag on clothing and slap at your chest, while all that salty sweat eats away at audio components. These sweat-proof headphones are designed specifically for music-motivated fitness freaks. They sync to your iPhone or Android device via Bluetooth. Multiple earbuds and adjustable cushions ensure a snug fit, keeping the earphones locked to your noggin during mad dashes or bumpy bike rides. The right earpiece has a built-in mike—plus volume and playback controls—so you won't need to fumble for your device to change tracks or take calls.



Pack Your Bags

Whether you're going by plane, train, or automobile, we've got the right stuff to help you gear up.

By Deirdre Goldbeck



Orvis luggage tags

Orvis.com • Brass: Set of three \$39; Leather: \$49 each

Bags need tags if you ever want to see them again. If you go for hardware, Orvis's set of three brass identification tags are just the ticket. There's a limit of four lines per tag and 25 characters per line. Each tag measures 2.5 by 1.25 inches, and attaches easily with a spring-operated brass clip. If leather is more your thing, go for a single tag with up to three initials embossed on the outside. Your personal information is inside, revealed only when the tag is unbuckled. They measure 6.5 by 2.5 inches and come in black or orange.



Samsonite Travel Sentry luggage strap

Samsonite.com • \$18

There may not be a gorilla manhandling your bags behind the scenes, but why take chances? Zippers can break and seams can bust under stress, but this TSA-approved strap is tough enough to hold everything together, and to keep it locked down with a three-dial combination. The strap is made of sturdy polypropylene and adjusts to fit a bag up to 72 inches. It comes in a variety of colors, from discreet black to several easy-to-ID brights, like neon green.



L.L. Bean travel scale and alarm

LLBean.com • \$35

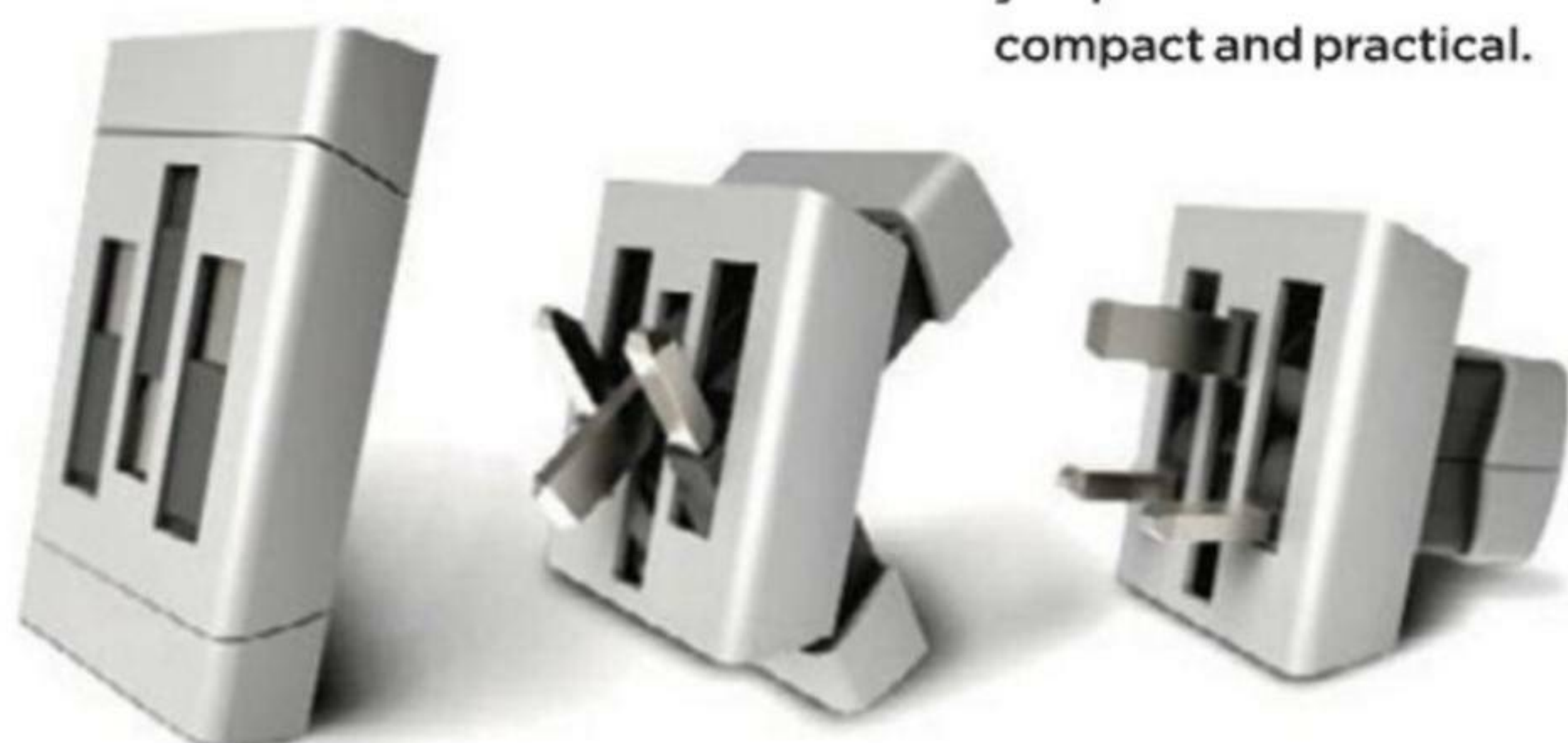
Anything that serves multiple purposes when you travel is a must. This digital scale will let you know if you're over the airline's weight limit, so you'll avoid unpleasant surprises and extra fees at check-in. It displays poundage six seconds after lifting, and registers bag weight up to 88 pounds. Need a wake-up call? It also serves as a travel clock with both an alarm and a snooze option. What makes this item a triple threat is the built-in flashlight. It weighs just under nine ounces, and batteries are included.



AViiQ slim travel adapter

AViiQ.com • \$20

If you're planning a trip across the pond, you won't want to leave home with one of those bulky, space-hogging adapters. AViiQ's travel adapter is designed to fold flat when not in use, for easy packing. When you're ready to charge or power up your devices, just flip the ends to release the prongs. It measures roughly 3.5 by 2 by .5 inches and has a 250-volt electrical rating. Everything you pack should be this compact and practical.



VinniBag wine travel bag

VinniBag.com • \$28

No matter how much newspaper you've used for padding, or how well you think you've nestled that bottle of bourbon between your dirty socks, accidents happen. But clumsy bag-handlers and pothole-riddled roads have nothing on this specially designed carrier. It inflates to cushion your hooch or other breakables against impact, and seals to prevent leaks during transit. Best of all, it's TSA-friendly and reusable.





■ **Clever Travel Companion underwear**

CleverTravelCompanion.com • Boxers: \$30; T-shirts: \$40

Would you hand over your cash and credit cards to a perfect stranger? Probably not. Keep your valuables safe with 100 percent pick-pocket-proof underwear. Briefs and boxers have two zippered pockets, are made of rayon and spandex, and come in sizes extra small to extra large. Choose black, navy, or dark gray. Cotton T-shirts have a single front pocket, are sized from small to extra large, and come in white or gray. Keep your friends close, and your valuables closer.

Protect your valuables while traveling with pick-pocket-proof underwear. Of course, if you let a pretty lady take them off, you're on your own.

■ **Eagle Creek Flashpoint luggage**

EagleCreek.com • Conor backpack: \$160; ORV Trunk 22 rolling duffel: \$325

Let it rain, let it pour—you've got luggage that can take it. Durable Bi-Tech material and zippers make these travel pieces tough and weather-resistant. The backpack, measuring 14 by 19.5 by 9.5 inches, has a checkpoint-friendly butterfly opening that can accommodate a 17-inch laptop, and secure interior pockets with two-way lockable zippers for small electronic devices. The shoulder straps are ergonomically contoured, and the rear slip panel is perfect for stacking the backpack on the Flashpoint ORV Trunk 22's telescopic handle. This rolling duffel measures 14 by 22 by 9 inches, has an oversize front panel, and additional carry handles on the end, side, and center. Both pieces have reflective accents for visibility, and are backed by Eagle Creek's "No Matter What" warranty. You just can't beat that. 



■ **Max Mirani MOVE Mobile Closet**

MaxMirani.com • \$450

If you hate unpacking and repacking for short overnight trips, this bag's for you. Polycarbonate material makes the carry-on lightweight and durable, and four swivel wheels and a telescoping handle provide easy maneuvering through narrow aisles and crowded airports. Inside, suits fit flat behind the zip-out lining. The lining itself acts as your organizer and wardrobe, with cantilevered shelves for clothing, pockets for toiletries, and removable sections for shoes and laundry. Unpacking can't get any easier.





A Self-Heating Girlfriend


Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to make the most of your lady's lust for erotica.

Illustration by Celia Calle

My girlfriend's friend introduced her to "romance" stories about Navy SEALs, which is apparently a popular subgenre in erotica. To me, the stories are just Forum letters with a happy ending—they have hot sex scenes, but there's always a forever-after with a major player who gives up all the other pussy in the world for the right woman. There's no denying that my girl gets turned on by them. She's got her eReader in front of her face every night before bed, and she's always hot to trot afterward. But I feel like a chick complaining about men and porn. It's like I can't get her excited myself, like she needs the books to get in the mood for sex. And how am I supposed to measure up to these guys she's reading about? They're practically superheroes, not to mention their good looks, bad-boy charm, and huge cocks.

You've got a girlfriend who gets herself in the mood for sex every night, and you're complaining? Dude, every guy should have it so good. It sounds like you don't have to romance her at all, just leave her alone for as long as it takes to watch *SportsCenter*. Who the hell cares what's turning her on? This is no different than taking her to the latest movie starring [insert her favorite actor's name here], knowing that you're going to get laid after she lusts for him on the big screen. As long as she's calling you by the right name and keeping the pussy at home, you've got no problems.

Another plus: I checked out some SEAL stories on Amazon, and going by just the brief descriptions, there is hot casual sex, threesomes, and kink. You should read a few of her stories with her to see which ones really get her wet. Gathering intel about what your girl is intrigued by will enable you to plan a sneak attack that could push her to the kinkier side of her personal boundaries.

And you don't have to measure up to those heroes. She knows they're not real—women don't believe players can reform—and at least she's not lusting after Fabio. I mean, it's not like you really expect *her* to measure up to the models in this magazine, as much as you secretly wish she did. 

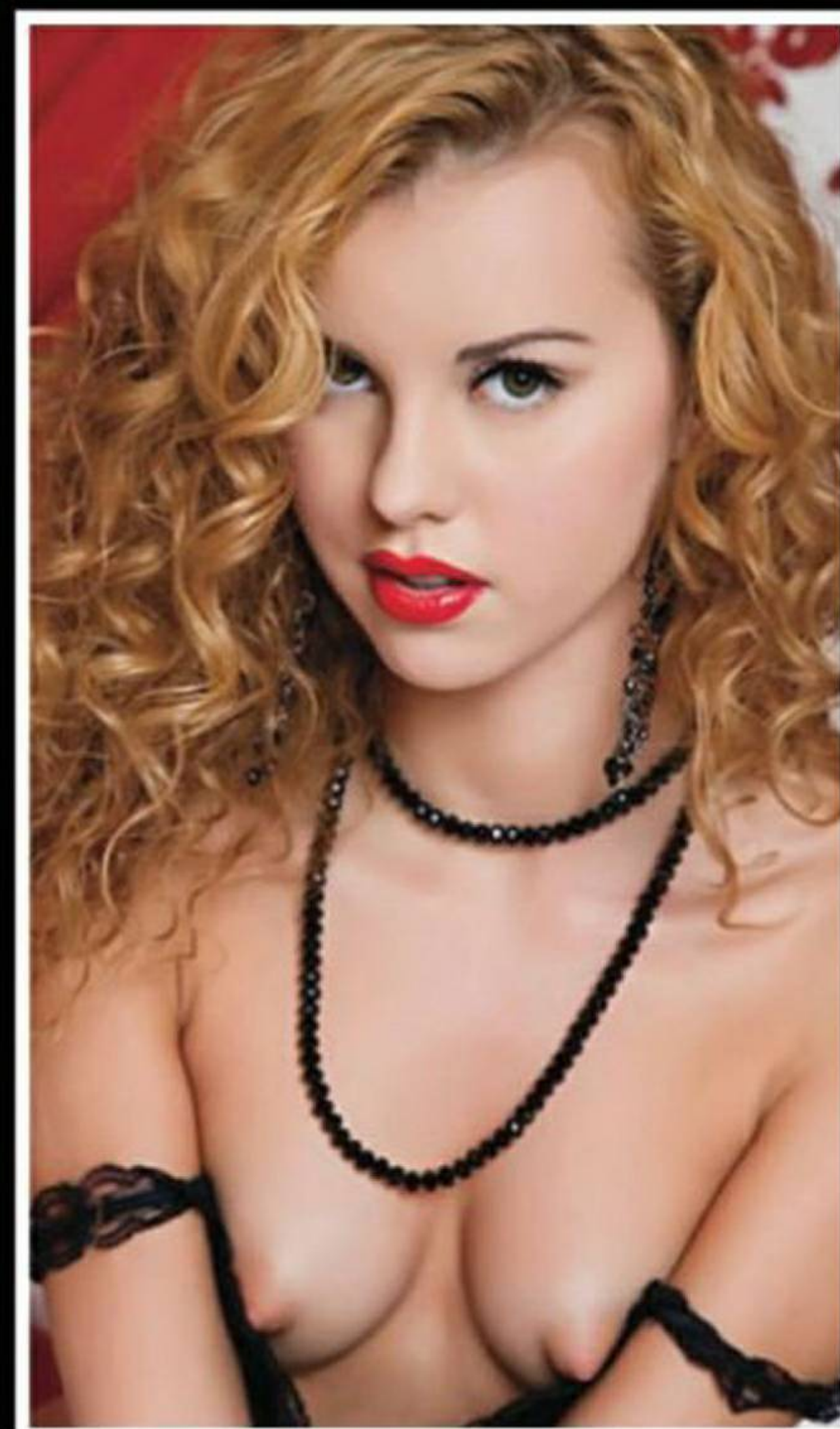
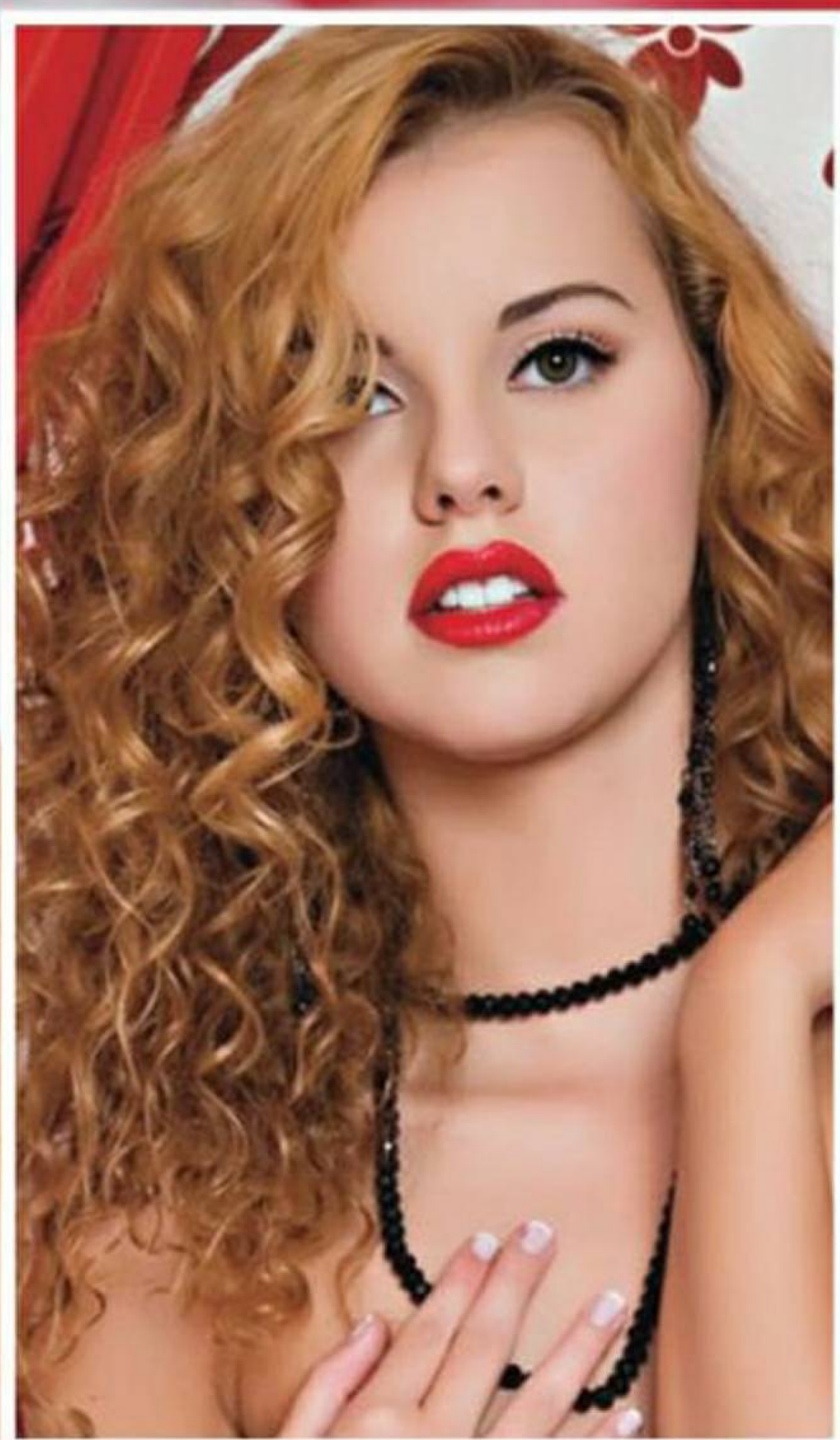
Relationships can be puzzling.
Lubricant shouldn't be.



Tingling for Her. *Hot* for Him.

Easy. All in one puzzle-piece bottle.
Available now at www.PenthouseStore.comTM





rogers that

The adorable—and adorably sexy—Jessie Rogers went into porn as soon as she finished high school, and the 18-year-old, 34-24-37 beauty is enjoying every minute of her new career. “I’ve met amazingly nice people at work,” she tells us. “And I love modeling naked and showing off my huge ass!”

Photographs by Dean Capture

"I don't have to do anything to get psyched up for shooting nude. Just knowing people are watching me gets me excited before we even start."

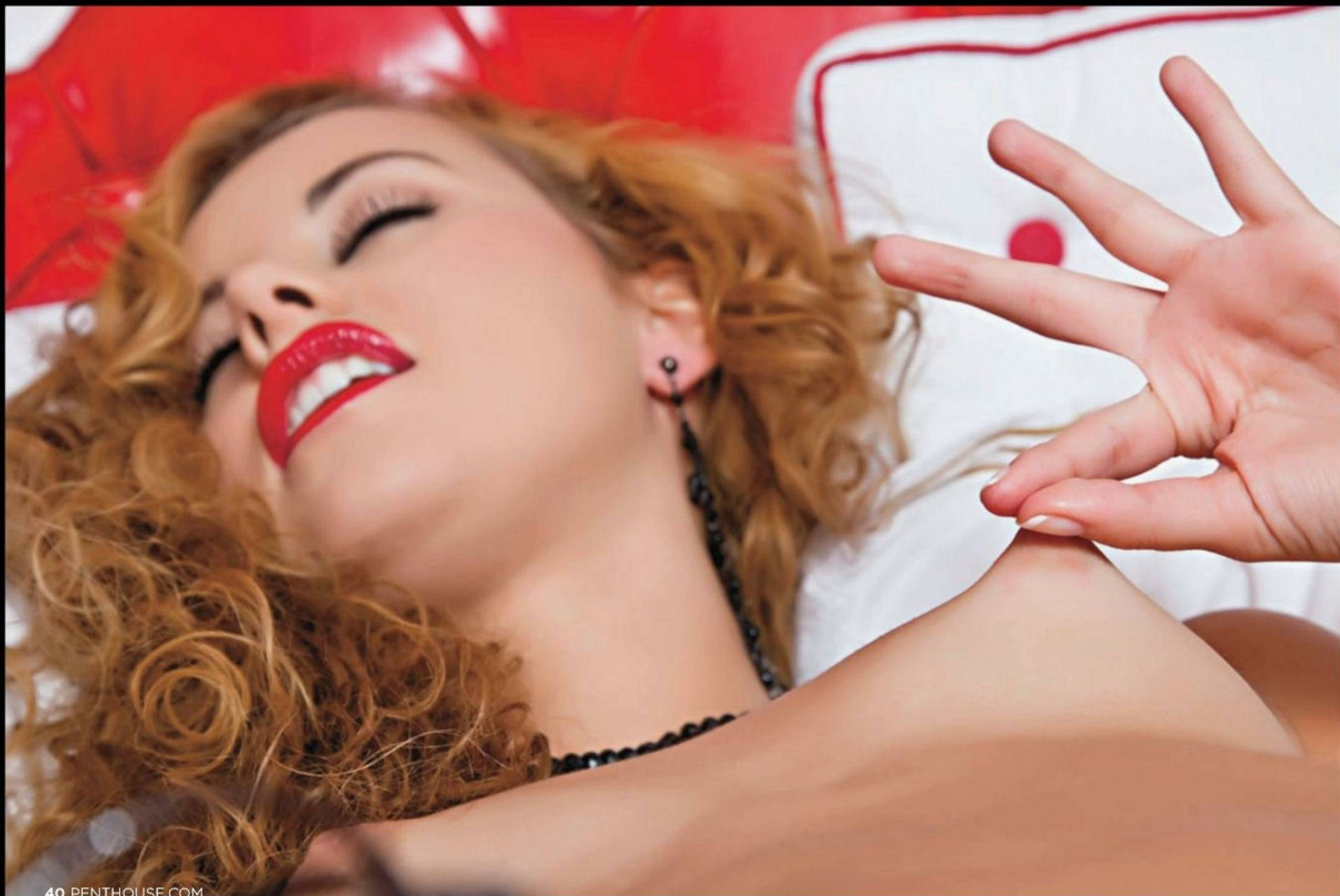




"Any sex scenes with Sasha Grey turn me on, but I'm especially into scenes where she's getting gang-banged."







"My biggest turn-on is when sex starts out with us saying loving things, then gets rough, with ass-slapping and hair-pulling."





“My favorite fantasy is being in the middle of a huge all-girl orgy, but the hottest real sexual experiences I’ve had have been with a guy and a girl. Threesomes are great!”

SEE MORE OF JESSIE AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



major-league import

While New York City basks in the glow of a Super Bowl title and renewed fervor for the Knicks and Rangers, international superstar Thierry Henry quietly goes about his business: scoring goals for Major League Soccer's New York Red Bulls.

By John Bolster

It's been an exciting year to be a sports fan in New York City. The Giants are the reigning Super Bowl champions, the Rangers are bona fide Stanley Cup contenders, and the Knicks' season has pivoted around one of the more compelling sports stories in recent memory: the spectacular emergence of point guard Jeremy Lin.

Yet there's an interesting irony folded in with all the excitement in the Big Apple—one not lost on the city's knowledgeable soccer community: The most accomplished sports star in town, by a comfortable margin, is also the least well-known, locally. He toils in comparative anonymity at Red Bull Arena, just a few miles north of the Giants' and Jets' stadium. His name is Thierry Henry, and he's one of the greatest goal scorers in the history of the world's game.

Henry turned pro at age 17, and after stints with French side Monaco and Juventus of the Italian Serie A, he transferred to English powerhouse Arsenal in 1999. That's where Henry blossomed into a world-class player, racing to the top of the club's all-time scoring list with a Gretzky-esque strike rate of 174 goals in 254 appearances. He led Arsenal to two league championships, three FA Cup titles, and one UEFA Champions League Final, getting nominated for FIFA World Player of the Year twice along the way.

He was also a mainstay on the French national team during this stretch, and won the 1998 World

Cup, the 2000 European Championship, and the 2003 Confederations Cup with Les Blues. He became France's all-time leading scorer in 2007, surpassing the legendary Michel Platini.

In 2007, Henry was transferred to Barcelona (for \$31 million), and after three years—and six more trophies—there, the then-32-year-old forward signed with the New York Red Bulls of Major League Soccer. He has continued to find the back of the net in the United States, with 16 goals in 37 appearances for New York, and this past winter he defied any critics who claimed he'd come to MLS to retire by returning on loan to Arsenal (where there is a statue in

his likeness outside the stadium), and scoring three goals in seven appearances for the Gunners.

As he begins his third season in the United States, we spoke to Henry about the Red Bulls' prospects, the image of MLS abroad, and the Jeremy Lin Experience.

What is something that the European fan should know about Major League Soccer that they might not already know?

Well, the thing is, they don't show a lot of the MLS games, so it's difficult for them to have an idea of the league. They simply don't see it. It did help that Becks [David Beckham] came along, and [Mexico legend and former Barcelona star] Rafael Márquez. But I think the only thing that can help [get MLS noticed in Europe] is if they show more games in Europe. Then people can make up their own minds. I always talk about the league in a positive way. Becks does also, and Rafa, and Landon Donovan. Whenever a guy that plays in MLS talks about the league, it will always be portrayed in a positive way. But at the end of the day, the way you can get fans on board, especially in Europe, is if they see the games.

How much does it help the reputation of MLS to have someone like Donovan go over there on loan and perform very well, as he did this past winter?

I don't know, to be honest. It does mean that Landon is a good player. But when Landon goes back to Los Angeles, I don't know if all those Everton fans see the games of the L.A. Galaxy. Not because they don't want to, but because they're not on TV in England.

How do you think Tim Ream, your former teammate on the Red Bulls, will do at Bolton in the Premier League?

I think he will do well. I think it was time for him to try to improve his game and go and compete in a different league. And the type of league that he went to, he is going to definitely compete. The strikers are pretty much in your face. Not an easy



This past winter Henry went on loan back to Arsenal—where there is now a statue in his likeness—and scored three goals in seven games, including this match-winner against Sunderland.



thing to deal with. But I think it was time for him to go, and I'm happy that he got the chance.

Who are some other young players in the league who have impressed you?

[He's] not young, but Dwayne De Rosario is a great player. To go back to your first question, that's the type of player that maybe people in Europe don't know about. I played with him, and I saw him play with Toronto before, and Houston, and with D.C. He's a great player, he has a great touch, and he knows where the net is. He understands the game well. But I can talk about De Ro as much as I want right now, about how good he is, but again, because they don't see the games, fans in Europe don't see De Ro. It's just talk for them.

A picture's worth a thousand words, as they say.

It's true! You see the guy scoring goals week in and week out, then I don't have to talk. You understand what I mean? It's ... a done deal. I use De Rosario as an example among a lot of examples that I can take. If I go through the whole league, I can name a lot of good players. You have some great players playing for Seattle, for Salt Lake, for Dallas, for D.C.

"You have a lot of good stadiums now in MLS. That's the way the league is going forward. That's an improvement.... But when you go and play against Seattle, I mean, the atmosphere there is amazing."

What's the best venue in MLS?

It's been great everywhere. But when you go and play against Seattle, I mean, I know it's tough and everything, but the atmosphere there is amazing. I didn't play there last year because I

got suspended [for a red card], but I gotta say, the atmosphere is brilliant. I played there with Barcelona [in a 2009 exhibition], and they were all wearing the Seattle jersey and being *loud*. So that was just amazing. But you have a lot of good stadiums now in MLS. That's the way the league is going forward. That's an improvement.

Jurgen Klinsmann, the coach of the U.S. national team, said that the off-season for American players is too long. He thinks they need to play 11 months a year. Do you agree? How much recovery time does the body need after a season?

Listen, everything is doable. I used to recover only two weeks. I did ten-years-plus, having only two weeks' holiday.

My legs are sore just thinking about that.

That was the rhythm of playing. Because if you play at a big club in Europe, [you also play in the]

Beckham (left) won the MLS Cup with Los Angeles last season. Henry would love to follow suit with New York this year.



Champions League every time. And every time you have some days off with your club, it's international duty. End of the season: international duty. So two weeks off, that's all you have.

How do you take care of your body, to make sure that you bounce back?

Well, when you don't stop you just don't stop—your body gets used to it in a way. But as you said, you have to take care of your body, and also be lucky enough to not get injured. I've been lucky. That will always stop a player—the progression of a player, trying to be consistent. I was fortunate enough to not get injured, but also I wasn't the type of guy to go out and party a lot. So maybe that saved me, I don't know. But that wasn't me. I was always going back home after a game, thinking about what I didn't do well, and trying to make sure I was going to perform better in the next game.

Did you have a moment, growing up, when you realized that you could be a professional player?

No, it's kind of weird—I always say it, and people don't believe me, but it's the truth: I didn't have an agenda when I was young. Obviously you dream as a kid, like any kid, right? When you're going down playing with your friends, having some fun, you always think that you're going to be a hell of a player. But everybody does that, you know? Everybody goes like, "Oh, last minute, there I go, scoring the most important goal of my life." It's always a dream, but you don't think it's going to happen, right?

And for most, it doesn't happen.

My dad wanted me to be a professional player, and I just wanted him to be happy, and to make him happy. That was it. I didn't think about it too much. There wasn't one moment when I said, "Oh, wow, I think I can make it." I think it was just long, hard

work, and commitment and dedication to the game. It wasn't one day. It was an every-day thing, and that's why I think I arrived where I am right now.

Are you looking forward to partnering with Kenny Cooper up top this year? Do you know much about Kenny as a player?

Oh, yes, of course I do. He was a pain in the neck when we played against him last year. I remember playing against Portland and I was like, *Oh, he's annoying*, you know? He can help us, and that's the thing you want. You want some depth in your team. And having him around is going to be a massive plus.

With you, Luke Rodgers, Cooper, Juan Agudelo, and Corey Hertzog, you will have more depth at the forward position this year than last.

Yeah, but you want depth everywhere—not only up-front. You want to have a deep, competitive squad. Because last year we had to deal with the guys going away at the Gold Cup, and we had some injuries and we didn't deal with it. So I think that's hopefully going to be different this year.

You're a fan of the NBA. Now that you've been in New York a while, are you a Knicks guy?

Ah, I won't change. I'm a Spurs guy. My friend plays there—Tony Parker. So I cannot change. But if the Spurs don't do too well, and they're out of the competition, then I will support New York, because that's where I live. But I'm a Spurs fan in the first place. You know, you gotta stay true to your friend, and who you started with.

You can't jump ship.

No, you can't jump. Even though what's happening with the Knicks, it's amazing right now.

The Jeremy Lin story broke when you were in England. Did you follow it from there?

Oh, well, how could you not? How can you not follow that? Although, if you're in Europe you don't see it [as much]. But since I do follow the game, I knew. As a basketball fan, you can't *not* know who Jeremy Lin is and what he did this year.

So what do you do in your downtime to relax?

Well, as we've been saying, I will watch a basketball game, go to the cinema, go to a restaurant with my friends. Chill out. Just normal stuff, basically. When I'm in town, I take my bicycle and ride around town. Just normal stuff. Nothing too fancy [*chuckles*].

How often are you recognized in New York City?

Well, a bit, a bit. New York is kind of different, because it's a very cosmopolitan town. You have a lot of Europeans and Latinos, and people do love their soccer in New York. Even though you have the Yankees and the Knicks and the Giants and the Jets and the Rangers—you have a lot of teams in New York—but people do love their soccer. So yeah, I do get recognized, but not like if I was in Europe.

That must be a relief for you, to some degree.

Oh, yes. It is. Trust me. It is. ☺



Tough Mudder

HURTS

Are races that include tire tunnels, greased monkey bars,

THE WATER IN THE DUMPSTER IN FRONT OF YOU LOOKS FRIGID—NUMBINGLY COLD,

even. You're already shivering. You're probably already wet. You're definitely muddy. In spite of whatever training regimen you've diligently followed over the past few weeks and months, you still aren't really ready for this obstacle. Or the next one, for that matter. Because in reality, it's impossible to be fully prepared for an obstacle-course race like a Tough Mudder until you've actually finished one. And with names like that, you can't exactly expect them to be easy.

They've been called the "safest most dangerous sport" in the world (Tough Guy), the "evolution of running" (Dirty Dash), and the "strongest race of all time" (Strong Man). But most obstacle events involve a certain amount of crawling, climbing, and swimming, along with the running. In truth, no matter how they're described, these mental and physical challenges basically come down to two things: grime and punishment. You've got to be willing to get dirty. A high threshold for pain is also going to be an advantage. Over the past several years, however, in spite of their fearsome reputations, tens of thousands of people have entered and completed obstacle-course races. Relatively few have gone home with broken bones.

"It's seriously going to physically hurt," says Dan Yotive, an outdoor guide and former adventure-travel consultant who completed a Tough Mudder in New Jersey late last year. "I was so cold, I was shivering uncontrollably—borderline hypothermic."

Yet Yotive insists that he's glad he tried a Tough Mudder, one of the most popular such events in the United States. "It was a fun time. I picked it because I wanted something where I could get my friends together and train together."

And while 10 of his 12 friends dropped out before the day of the event, Yotive sounds happy to have stuck it out. "All the people there definitely added to the adrenaline rush."





Tough Mudder



Rugged Maniac



Tough Mudder

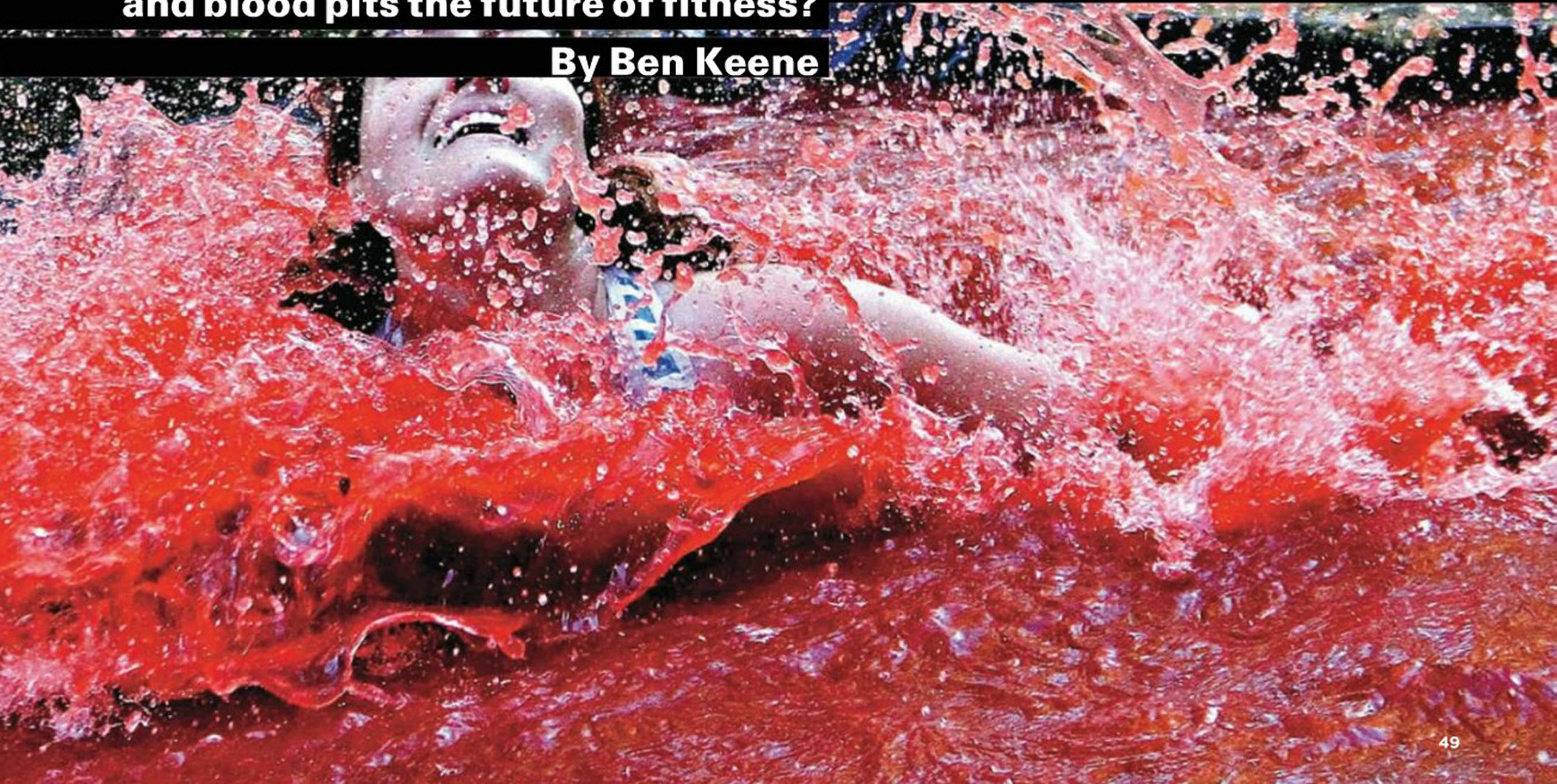


Run for Your Lives

SO GOOD

and blood pits the future of fitness?

By Ben Keene



Since 2010, when Guy Livingstone and Will Dean launched their intimidatingly named enterprise, Tough Mudder has grown from three events (in California, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania) to 35, which will be held across the globe in 2012. The founders refer to their brainchild as “probably the toughest event on the planet,” a distinction earned in part by the stamina needed to cover as much as 12 miles over terrain made more challenging by the addition of tire tunnels and greased monkey bars. And while the organizers stress that every Mudder is about teamwork and camaraderie, competitiveness is certainly one attribute its participants share.

On the other hand, John Malfatto, race operations manager for the Dirty Dash, a regional mud-run obstacle-course series based out West, says, “We’d like to be the gateway drug to running and running events. This segment of the running market has blown up in the past three years.” He continues, “But we’re more medium-core. We want to be more inclusive. Just come out and be an idiot. I mean, we give prizes for dirtiest mustache.”



Tough Mudder

any of the Run for Your Lives locations relies on mundane obstacles. Instead of mud, think blood—as in a blood pit. That and something called the “gut hanger,” which apparently involves a frightening amount of fake, albeit realistic, human entrails. How does anyone train for such obstacles? The event’s website helpfully offers seven words of advice: “Run. Watch zombie movies. Run some more.”

When it comes to true guts though, those who have unwavering confidence in their mental and physical fortitude can pit themselves against seriously daunting challenges—like Tough Guy in England, Vermont’s infamous Death Race, or the World’s Toughest Mudder, a more extreme version of the original contest. Tough Guy, located northwest of Birmingham on a large estate,



Rugged Maniac



Warrior Dash



Warrior Dash

Malfatto has a compelling sales pitch. For the nonprofessional, pleasure can be a dependable source of motivation. Fortunately, pleasure and the urge to hurl yourself headfirst down the world’s longest mud slide go hand in hand at the Dirty Dash. But in case you’re still not satisfied (or filthy enough), the minds behind the madness are now working on a mud waterfall.

Other times, the fear of death can be an equally compelling motive, which is the idea behind Run for Your Lives—a 5K obstacle course populated by a zombie horde intent on catching each contestant. Runners are issued health points, represented by flags worn on a belt. Every health point you lose brings you closer to death. Setting out to capitalize on the craze surrounding *The Walking Dead*, a postapocalyptic television drama on AMC, cocreators Ryan Hogan and Derrick Smith initially planned to stage a single zombie race in 2011. As the day of the event drew near, however, they realized that they’d stumbled onto something much bigger. Roughly 10,000 people registered to participate in the first Run for Your Lives. This year they’ll host 11 events around the country. “We committed to a theme,” says Smith. “It’s fun, but it’s not a haunted house. The goal is—just for a split second—for people to feel like they’re in a zombie apocalypse.”

In other words, the exercise is a bonus. The volunteers who turn up early on race day to be transformed into shambling, brain-hungry undead add a level of difficulty to a race genre that usually depends on inanimate obstructions—but that doesn’t imply that

subjects the willing—or foolhardy—to more than 100 “assaults” or obstacles: a 98-foot crawl under razor wire, a rope crossing two stories off the ground, a 30-foot-high climbing net, bogs and deep pools of liquid muck, claustrophobic tunnels, along with plenty of hill running. Death Race takes place in the woods of Vermont, and has lasted as long as 48 hours for some participants. In this race, which keeps its course map a secret, sheer hardship is the single obstruction—encountered again, and again, and again. Perhaps more than anything else, these challenges are designed to test the body and break the spirit. Death Race organizers, for example, boast about a 15 percent completion rate for would-be endurance athletes. In 2011, that meant 35 people. Tough Guy, on the other hand, advertises with a rhetorical question: “Where in this wide wonderful world can you find such grace laced with fear, panic, and claustrophobia?”

When viewed alongside friendlier 5K obstacle courses like the Dirty Dash, Rugged Maniac, and Warrior Dash, these grueling events appear to belong in a completely different league. Anything that involves chopping wood for two hours straight (like the Death Race does) is not for the occasional gym-goer. Nor is a course that promises thickets of stinging nettles and murky ponds teeming

with leeches. It's one thing to earn a cold beer, a cheesy medal, and a new T-shirt after working every muscle in your body in one of the traditional 5K races. It's another thing altogether to spend \$900 on a day that guarantees severe discomfort and the sacrifice of a certain amount of your own blood. Even so, demand for obstacle-course races seems only to grow.

"We're basing our success on a culture that may be getting bored with endurance-running events," says Alex Patterson, Tough Mudder's chief marketing officer. "People are soft," he continues matter-of-factly. "And everything out there makes life easier. We want you to know the visceral satisfaction of climbing over a ten-foot wall."

Ignoring the wide range of hardship involved, the main thing most obstacle races have in common is a commitment to devote a percentage of their proceeds to charities, often ones that benefit needy children or military veterans. Rugged Maniac encourages runners to donate to the Fisher House Foundation, a program that provides lodging to military families who can't afford to visit relatives in recovery. Spartan Race, which stages four classes of obstacle events including the Death Race, raises money for Homes for Our Troops, a charity that builds houses for severely injured veterans. Warrior Dash entrants have the option to fund-raise for St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, an institution that is working to combat pediatric cancer. Tough Mudder participants, meanwhile, have collected close to \$3 million for the Wounded

No matter how they're described—blood pit, gut hanger, mud run—these mental and physical challenges all basically come down to two things: grime and punishment.

Warrior Project, an apolitical organization that seeks to honor and empower injured service members.

So, once you've determined your pain tolerance and the charitable institution you'd like to support, how does a guy who finds most of his stimulation in the bedroom go about training for an intense obstacle-course experience?

"A lot of people do things like CrossFit," claims Tough Mudder veteran Yotive, referring to the branded fitness program that favors a broad regimen of workouts over specialization. "I just ran a bunch of times. And I did reps of push-ups, squats, box jumps, and sit-ups as long as I could. Then I stepped it up until I could do two hours without really stopping." He paused, as if to reconsider the amount of preparation truly necessary for a Tough Mudder. "But my friend Alex made it, and he's a big smoker and drinker."

In some cases, willpower can make up for a certain lack of physical ability. When speaking about the event he helped turn into a phenomenon, Patterson prefers to describe Tough Mudder in terms of a new type of fitness goal. "We wanted to marry endurance with military-style obstacles," he says. "A lot of people want a taste of military training, but not everyone wants to join the Marines."

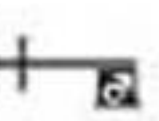
It's worth noting that in order to begin training with the Marines, male recruits must do two pull-ups, 35 crunches in two minutes, and run one and a half miles in 13:30. Lifting 10 to 30 pounds of rocks for up to five hours, as past Death Race participants have done, raises the bar even higher than the Combat



Fitness Test, a requirement all Marines must pass annually. This performance assessment involves an 880-yard sprint, a timed 30-pound ammunition lift, and a combat-related event called Maneuver Under Fire. In practice, a serviceman on a tour of duty may face tougher challenges. For Marines on base, however, their entire test will be over in 11 minutes or less. Death Racers, on the other hand, can be on the course for as long as 48 hours. And those Tough Guys in the United Kingdom? Well, let's just say that they affectionately refer to some of the tougher sections of their course as the Killing Fields, two laps around nongenetically modified stinging nettles; the Torture Chamber, a gauntlet of slippery tires; and the Battle of the Somme, a run through fire pits.

"We're not Tough Mudder," admits Smith as he provides more details about Run for Your Lives. "You have the option to skip obstacles. We make the course challenging, not impossible."

Similarly, Malfatto and his Dirty Dash business partners don't see themselves in competition with the more extreme obstacle-course events. "We're more about having a good time," he says. "Anyone can do it. In Billings [Montana], people were drinking beer at the starting line."

Beer on race day? Now that doesn't sound too hard. 

How Do You Like Him Now?

Sure, Toby Keith has had a string of No. 1 hits, but what we—and he—want to talk about this Memorial Day is his work with U.S. troops and returning vets.

By Alanna Nash

Toby Keith's current album, *Clancy's Tavern*, inspired by his frequent childhood visits to his grandmother's club, debuted at No. 1 last October. He was named Artist of the Decade at the 2011 American Country Awards. His hit single "Red Solo Cup," the second off *Clancy's Tavern*, was also the No. 1 country download on iTunes. Plus, *Beverage Media* magazine called his Wild Shot Mezcal "the number-one premium mezcal in the U.S. market." He's even been named the nation's top-earning country performer by *Forbes*.

Yet Oklahoma's favorite son likes nothing so much as to talk about his trips overseas to entertain U.S. troops, and about his work with returning veterans. Keith, 50, stepped into that work after his ubiquitous anthem, "Courtesy of the Red, White, and Blue (The Angry American)"—a virulent response to the September 11 terrorist attacks—proved a rallying cry for belligerent compatriots. Never mind that critics denounced it as "knee-jerk jingoism."

Keith put his money where his mouth was, and after a 2003 trip to Baghdad, he began trying to improve conditions for Americans fighting abroad. On a trip to Afghanistan in 2007, he saw how troops in remote outposts lived between literal walls of sand, without creature comforts. That moved him to sponsor the USO2GO program, which distributes care packages to overseas U.S. bases. Keith is also a cofounder—with NFL players Tommie Harris, Roy Williams, and Mark Clayton—of Pros 4 Vets, which offers legal assistance and advice to Oklahomans who return from active duty.

As in his songs, in interviews Keith is forceful, outspoken, and passionate.

How did you get so involved with the USO?

Well, the first time I went over there was about ten years ago. I was just going to go for two weeks the year after my dad died, to honor him, and then I said, "Man, we've got to do this again." I went the next year, and the USO said, "You could be a big force in the USO." And so my agent, Curt Motley, became a board member, and he works tirelessly trying to get other entertainers to go over.

You made the news recently with your USO2GO program. How did that come about?

We were over there, and we saw that some of those FOBs [forward operating bases, or secured forward positions used to support tactical operations] had shitty conditions for

R&R. Those boys take wire baskets and put cardboard in them, fill them with sand, stack 'em, and that's their wall. And they put cardboard huts up to eat in, and put some tents up, and then they have a little room, maybe 20 by 30 feet, with some air piped into it, and they sit there trying to run a DVD. So we put these care packages together that include things like DVD players and flat-screens and games and PS3s. The USO is a morale-lifter, and it brings a piece of home over.

Why do you keep going back? What does it satisfy in you personally?

There's a big void there that needs to be filled. I've done 180 shows, and it takes that many to get the word out. And there's such a big need for it. I go two weeks every year, and the USO board can use that as a tool to get other people to go. But you've got two strikes against you when you go. One's political. A lot of people don't want to associate themselves with it because of the political brush they'll be painted with. And there's a distinct fear factor for a lot of people. That's a big issue. We'll land at a big base in Afghanistan, and then we'll go to the small bases, little FOBs up on the front, and play as many forward bases as we can. I figure if I made it through 180 shows, you can at least go to Walter Reed hospital in D.C. and shake hands. But if you can get anybody to go once, they find out how great it is. It's a wonderful geography lesson, a wonderful history lesson that you can't get anywhere else. To talk with those guys who put their lives on the line every day, and to eat lunch, shake hands, and spend time with 'em, is just a wonderful experience.

You've had some scary experiences. Four mortars hit close to you and you had to hunker down in a bunker, for example.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREG WATERMANN/COURTESY OF SHOCK INC



Yeah, but that happens all the time. The people you're surrounded by live under that duress every minute, so they're prepared for it, and fortunately the enemy is terrible strategists, terrible warriors. So it would be like getting hit by a stray bullet in a major city in the U.S. The second that a launch is detected, they sound a siren, you get in a bunker, and the missiles hit, and then when it's over, you go on with your day.

Was it easy for you to figure out what the soldiers wanted to hear?

The biggest reality check came the first year I was there. We'd been on a C-17 to Kuwait from Germany, and then we were on a C-130 from Kuwait into Baghdad. When we landed, it was dark and it was still 122 degrees. They took us to Camp Cook, which had just lost four guys a couple of hours before we arrived. And we played a very somber show. I didn't know what to expect, so I had a bunch of comical stuff. I wanted to make 'em laugh. My dad used to sing a song called "Army Life" that was real popular back 50 years ago. So I wanted to write a bunch of stuff like that, play 'em four or five hits, play "Weed With Willie" and make 'em smile, especially since they'd just lost four guys. But it was still so somber that you just had to suck it up and get it done.

What's your objective when you go over there? Just to entertain the men and women, or something else?

Just campaigning for the USO. Plus, it's an extreme honor. I've made more relationships in the past ten years playing for the military over there than I ever made in my own industry. I've got thousands of people I call close friends who I can email and text message who are dependable people of solid character. But I don't have five people who do what I do in my business that I can just pick the phone up and call and say, "How's it going?"

Do you have a story of one of those relationships?

That first trip they took us to Fallujah, and six days later, after we'd played 12 or 13 shows, we were back in Baghdad, ready to leave, and they said, "Would you guys please step off the plane?" We all got in formation with 'em, and they brought a flag-draped casket onto our cargo plane. It was First Lieutenant Erik McCrae. When you sit in those cargo planes, the seats fold down from the side and you

face sideways, and you look across to your buddies on the other side. The cargo's buckled in the middle. And there the casket sat, right between us. That was just the most somber flight back to Kuwait. Everybody's hands were folded in their laps, and they had their heads down. I have become very close to First Lieutenant McCrae's family, because they came to one of my shows in Oregon. His dad was an ex-soldier, officer, and he was strong as ever, but his mom was crying, and the whole family—the sister and the grandmas—were like, "You rode out of the battlefield with my son. He was just on his way home." And I was like, "I didn't do anything. I was just lucky enough to ride with him." Here we are, eight years later, and his family still comes to the shows. We've got a special bond.

marriage has just been awesome. And then I have my bar and grills [I Love This Bar & Grill restaurants].

Have you figured out what percentage of your fan base is military?

It's hard to say. After "Courtesy of the Red, White, and Blue" came out, the political extremists and activists and the media talking heads—right wing or left wing—were never going to accept that I just supported the troops. They made millions of headlines and billions of dollars off it, probably, selling what they sell. But I never felt a sag, and I never felt the burst. My career kept ascending and never did quit. I'm an Independent. Have been for three years. Was a Democrat before. But you can never convince people that it's okay to be a conservative Democrat and more

"To talk with those guys, to eat lunch, shake hands, and spend time with 'em, is just a wonderful experience."

Forbes magazine recently named you the top-earning country artist. Got a lot of shit goin' on [laughs].

Does it mean something to you to make that list?

Well, my entire operation is set up by about 20 people, who dedicate their lives to this brand. That's their livelihood, and they work really hard. We get a thousand offers a year to endorse something. Like my Wild Shot Mezcal. You go to Mexico, and the nationals all drink mescal and don't care for the tequila. I grew up drinking with the locals down there, and I said, "This makes sense for me to bring this authentic Mexican stuff up here," so I do. We'd only been up and running four months and we were already No. 1 in the States. It's really smooth, and it's got a smoky taste because they smoke the cactus. I'll pass on 999 business deals like that, and then I'll see one that seems right. My Ford deal has been running for eight or nine years, and they're just great to me. They sponsor my tours and let me be a spokesperson. So that

of a moderate and support the troops. They're like, "If you support the troops, you're a right-wing idiot, and I ain't listening to anything else you've got to say." I quit trying to fight that back in '03. I said, "I am what I am. I don't care if my career goes down the tank. I don't need the money." I mean, I can always write songs for somebody else to sing. I've done that for 17 years. I know my songs would find a home. And I'd be satisfied with that.

Were you immediately accepted overseas?

They know when you meet 'em if you're there for the right reasons. They sat back and watched me for about three years, as if to say, "Yeah, you've come, but a lot of people come over and do shows." And then the stories got out. They told their buddies, "Yeah, I smoked a cigar with him one night. He's just a regular ol' dude." Those stories take time to build, and after a while, everybody starts hearing consistencies. I tell 'em over there, "We can't have a beer here, but we can have one at the show." And we get back there and have a beer, and they're like, "Holy shit, I never thought this could really happen!" Pretty soon they say, "He really is dedicating his time to be with us. That's awesome."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT AND TOP RIGHT) GETTY IMAGES, TAUSEEF MUSTAFA/GETTY IMAGES

The military seems to trust you.

Yeah. They know the difference between phony and real. I was in New York last year on 9/11. I played Washington, D.C., the night before, and my friend Rex Ryan, who coaches the [New York] Jets football team, said, "Come be our guest." And I went out to the Jets-Cowboys game that night. On the way, we stopped at a little Irish pub off the beaten path. We were sitting in there eating, and I looked up and about 15 old veterans walked in. They had been to some memorial around New York City, and were in their old, original, green flight coveralls. And they had on matching red, white, and blue hats with the name tags that would have originally been on their chests on the side of their caps. Some of them were probably my age, and might have been active-duty, but there were some old-timers in there, too. Maybe Vietnam-era guys, and maybe even some World War II cats. Some of those flight suits looked pretty ragged and old-fashioned. As I walked out, I said, "Gentleman, thanks for your service." And they looked up,



and they were shocked. I think they were so amazed that someone would thank them for their service that they didn't even know what to say. You'd think somewhere, somebody would say, "Hey, fellas, good job."

I thought the pre-Vietnam-era soldiers always got that kind of attention and praise.

Well, that's because we were under attack. When evil started trying to take over the world, we said, "We've got to do something about it." And everyone was gung ho. And then times changed and political activists started ruling both ends of the networks. There's a different type of evil now. They don't bring tanks, and they don't present a force that you can see. It's a silent, cowardly attack on civilians. It's not that they have anything personal against one person or a group of people. They don't set out and select targets to assassinate. It's just that whatever is available for them to get their message out has to be sacrificed. So you have to be vigilant, and fight the best you can, and we're doing a fantastic job.

I suppose the audience reception in D.C. on the eve of 9/11 was even more thunderous than usual.

It's always outrageous. It makes you want to go eat a flag [laughs]. There were three times as many radio and TV press as usual. We had two busloads of wounded warriors from Walter Reed. And then there were two

or three rooms just filled with military brass. It was four-star generals and admirals and senators. Everybody. And SWAT-team helicopters flying everywhere. It was an extreme honor that everybody thought they needed to come to my show that night.

But, like I said, they're hard to fool. If I were just jumpin' on for the ride, then they wouldn't even care to be there. I'm sure there are lots of acts out there with pro-America songs, but if you're not gonna step up and pull the wagon, then it's not gonna reach enough people to matter. I've reached 'em enough that they know that everything I do is from the goodness of my heart.

You received a Distinguished Service Award from the Military Officers Association of America in 2009. Does that mean more to you than a music award?

No question. And it doesn't even have to be an award. The military has this braiding that they do with parachute rope. They'll take a button off a jacket and stick that nylon cord through it, and then melt the other side and seal it. Then they put a loop on the other end, and you've got a nice woven bracelet. I've got hundreds of those things. Having a soldier in frickin' Tikrit or a leatherneck in Afghanistan walk up to you and hand you one of those is even more important than music awards. Music awards are nothing. I've had my falling-out with a few of the shows, but some of them have been very, very good to me. But none of that touches a distinguished military award. To be among those guys and have them pick you? Hell, yeah, that means something. 



sommers love

Our May Pet of the Month, Angela Sommers, is an adult model and a cam girl, and has one very simple reason why she loves her job: "I love being a sex symbol!" We love her, too, just as we're sure you will.

Photographs by Cassandra Leigh





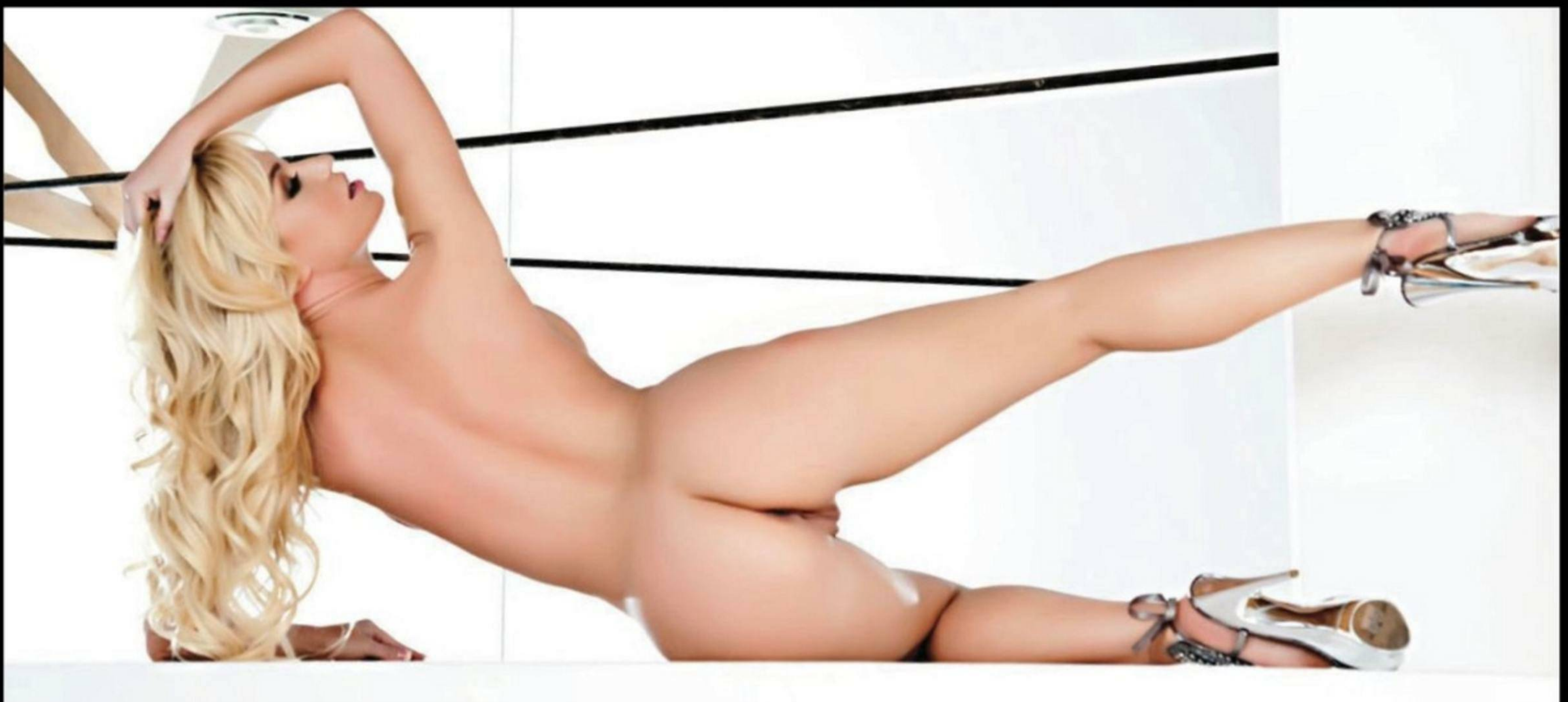


"If I could have any other job, I would be a sex therapist. I love helping couples embrace sex. My friends always come to me with their sex issues."





"My favorite fantasy is two guys at the same time, one doing me doggie-style and the other fucking my mouth."









"I can definitely be faithful to a guy. I like to get a little freaky, but I tend to be a freak in bed for only one man at a time."



ANGELA SOMMERS
MAY 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP







"I have a few pet
peeves. I hate
road rage, people
who interrupt
conversations, and
guys who don't take
no for an answer."



ANGELA SOMMERS
MAY 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Vital signs:

36D-27-36; 5'7"

28 years old

Hometown:

Queens, New York

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

It's badass! There are so many different cultures and races all in one place. And New Yorkers don't take shit from anyone, but we're also down-to-earth.

If you could live anywhere else, it would be:

St. Thomas. I've been there twice, and it's a dream of mine to live and work on an island for at least a year.

Favorite vacation spot:

Jamaica. I spent eight vacations at a nudist resort there, and I have very fond memories.

Dream vacation spots:

Australia, Bora Bora, Italy.

Favorite food:

Baked ziti.

Favorite drink:

Dirty Martini.

Favorite kind of music:

Rock, alternative, pop, dance, industrial.

Favorite movies:

I'm a *Star Wars* nerd. I also love *The Fifth Element* and *Good Will Hunting*.

The most daring thing you've ever done:

Go zip-lining naked.

What gets you excited?

Watching others have fun.

What gets you in trouble?

Alcohol and beautiful women.

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PARTY WITH THE PET OF THE YEAR

Our 2012 Pet of the Year, Jenna Rose, was feted at a star-studded gala in Los Angeles.

After Jenna Rose was crowned—or, rather, keyed—as the 2012 Penthouse Pet of the Year, the only suitable way to celebrate was with a porn-star-studded party at the Roxbury in Hollywood. Although she’s a Los Angeles native, our sweetly seductive Queen isn’t used to the star treatment, and being the center of attention was an entirely new experience. “When I found out I was Pet of the Year, I was extremely excited,” Jenna says, “but it didn’t really hit me until I got in the limo to go to the party. I’d never been in a limo or walked a red carpet before. I never thought I’d be in that position, and it felt amazing!”

Jenna celebrated the honor with Pets Charlie Laine, Melissa Jacobs, and Shay Laren, plus 2012 Pets Dani Daniels (January) and Brett Rossi (February). The party was hosted by Emily Addison (our new 2012 Pet of the Year Runner-Up), November 2010 Pet Phoenix Marie, and December 2011 Pet Natasha Nice. Heather Vandeven, our 2007 Pet of the Year and a perennial fan favorite, was on hand to present Jenna with her official Pet of the Year key.

“A good Pet needs to do two things: show up on time and be ready to have fun,” Heather told us. “I can tell Jenna is going to do a great job. She’s a very pretty lady and she has a good head on her shoulders.”



“When Heather gave me the key, I was speechless,” Jenna says. “My heart was racing, and it felt incredible to know that everyone was there for me.”

Throughout the night, Pets, porn stars, and other celebs—including rocker/*Penthouse* columnist Dave Navarro (at right with Jenna), *Penthouse* feature model Yurizan Beltran, porn star/director Dana DeArmond, and June 2011 Pet Eden Adams—congratulated our newest spokeswoman.

“Although I don’t know Jenna very well yet, I wish her all the best, and I’m looking forward to spending a lot of time with her,” Emily says. “We both have a lot to look forward to in 2012. It’s going to be an exciting year.”



PET PHOTO OP

Penthouse Pets Jenna Rose and Adrienne Manning gave East Coast porn fans an extra-special treat when they showed up at the annual Exxxotica convention in Edison, New Jersey. The brunette beauties were on hand at the Penthouse Store booth to sign autographs, take photos (including the one below, at top left, with May 2011 Pet of the Month Tasha Reign), and demonstrate the latest pleasure products for an appreciative audience.

As excited as the crowd was to meet our gorgeous Pets, Jenna was even more thrilled to meet them. "I loved interacting with all the fans," she says. "It was amazing hearing their stories

and finding out where they traveled from just to meet us. There wouldn't be an Exxxotica without the fans, and I enjoyed spending so much time with them."

When the girls weren't greeting admirers or posing for photos, they had a chance to check out the rest of the convention, taking in shows and chatting up fellow stars. "I'm a fan of porn, too," Adrienne tells us, "and I was excited to be able to meet a few of my favorite porn stars and photographers. They were all supernice. But the best part was getting to see Belladonna perform an aerial routine. She is so rad."

In addition to hanging out at Exxxotica, the Pets got to see the sights in New York City, a first for both ladies. Their visit to the city that never sleeps included a trip to the Penthouse Executive Club, a performance of the hit Broadway musical *Rock of Ages*, and a carriage ride through Central Park. "The trip was great," Jenna says. "We had a blast! We always seem to make every moment memorable."



Christmas came early last year for Penthouse fans in Louisiana. The Penthouse Club Baton Rouge threw a Christmas party in early December and invited 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen as their special guest. Partygoers had the opportunity to take photos with Taylor and get her autograph, the perfect holiday gifts for the petite Pet's fans.

"All the fans were really sweet," Taylor says. "I loved hanging out with them."

In addition to spending time with Taylor, the club's patrons were able to check out a number of sexy ladies in scanty Santa outfits who were mingling with guests and passing out hors d'oeuvres. And of course it wouldn't be a Penthouse Club party without a cache of desirable dancers.

Taylor, too, appreciated the view. "The place was full of hot girls," she tells us. "And so many hot guys! The Baton Rouge club is amazing. It's one of the best gentlemen's clubs I've ever been to, and the kind of place I would want to hang out. And the place was packed early, so I know everyone else loved it, too."

This was Taylor's first visit to the bayou, but she can't wait to go back. "I absolutely loved Louisiana!" she says. "I'll be going back for sure, and maybe I'll even get up onstage and dance next time."

SEX ON WHEELS

Fast and beautiful cars are ultimate symbols of sex and power. Who better to tell us about the cars that arouse their senses than some of *Penthouse's* own sex symbols?

By Greg Hudock

"When I still lived at home, I didn't always have a place to go when I wanted to have sex. In the South, there were always new neighborhoods being developed. Once we drove into one that only had the driveways laid out. As things were starting to get hot and heavy, I glanced out the rear window and saw a cop car coming up the hill toward us. In a frantic panic, we struggled to find our clothes, but he was already walking toward the car before I could find my top. Lucky for us, we got off with a warning. Of course, that didn't stop me from continuing to do dirty acts in cars."—*Emily Addison*



2012 Pet of the Year Runner-Up **Emily Addison**

"I'm into the Aston Martin DBS V-12. It's slick, powerful, and a Bond car. When is anything that James Bond drives not sexy?"

The Aston Martin DB5 that Sean Connery drove in *Goldfinger* forever made James Bond and Aston Martin synonymous. In the Daniel Craig era, the V-12-powered DBS serves as the standard for contemporary spy supercars. And Aston Martins are as good for picking up girls as they are for high-speed car chases.

2008 DBS V-12 specifications:

Engine: 5.9-liter V-12

Power: 510 horsepower/420 foot-pounds of torque

Transmission: Six-speed manual or automatic

Price: Used ones go for around \$200,000. MSRP on 2012 models starts at \$275,461.

2012 Pet of the Year **Jenna Rose**

"A particular car that makes me hot is a vintage Mercedes 300SL. It's drop-dead sexy, expensive, and rare. But it's not the price that gets me hot. It's more about having a chance to make love in a car that was built many years ago. It's a thrill having sex in a car that you come across once in a blue moon. And when that chance comes my way, I'm taking it!"

The 300SL Gullwing is the car that made Mercedes-Benz a star in America. It had excellent performance for its day, but its true appeal was its sexy good looks.

1955 300SL Gullwing specifications:
Engine: Three-liter inline-six
Power: 240 horsepower/217 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Four-speed manual
Price: Starts at around \$500,000



"I've had many sexual experiences while in a car, but the ones I enjoy most are when I could get caught. I have a dream of having sex in every state. I'm still working on accomplishing it, but I'm definitely not giving up. One experience I will never forget—one that still can get me wet thinking about it—is the time my boyfriend and I drove from California to Virginia and back. At one point while he was driving, I got horny. I pulled my shorts down and began rubbing my clit. I got even more excited as I watched him paying more attention to me than to the road. He set his cruise control to lend a helping hand. He got me so hot and bothered I told him I needed his dick.

"I undid his pants, and he was ready to go. I decided not to suck his dick because I was so wet that I wanted his cock to feel how horny I was. I began making my way over. With his hands on the wheel and my hands on his dick, I slowly eased it in. I grabbed the back of his headrest and kissed his neck as I was grinding on him. I got even wetter as truckers drove by and caught us in the act.

"When we were both ready to come, I turned around, facing the road. My hands were now on the wheel, and his were on my hips. As I made sure our vehicle was in the proper lane, he pushed my hips back and forth on his dick. I came instantly! That set him off. He couldn't help but come inside me.

"Afterward, I looked at him and said, 'Mississippi, check!' "—Jenna Rose



2011 Pet of the Year

Nikki Benz

"I recently purchased a silver 2012 Audi A6 Supercharged. It turns me on. It's a sleek-looking sedan with a sporty feel and amazing handling. I can't wait to break it in, if you know what I mean. The backseat is perfect for sex! I'm thinking doggie-style, reverse-cowgirl, and maybe missionary."

The A6 Supercharged is Audi's best modern mix of luxury and sport. It's big and comfortable enough to be practical as a daily car, but also balanced and fast enough to grip and go like a sports car.

2012 A6 Supercharged specifications:

Engine: Three-liter Supercharged V-6

Power: 310 horsepower/325 foot-pounds of torque

Transmission: Six-speed manual or eight-speed automatic

Price: Starts at \$50,000



2011 Pet of the Year Runner-Up

Ryan Keely

"I'm a sucker for the Morgan Aero 8. It's gorgeous and impractical. It has wooden floorboards, and it's hand-built. If you're into Morgans, you're a total gearhead, and I think that's sexy."

Morgan builds classic-looking sports cars using an aluminum chassis and a partially wooden body mated to a BMW V-8 engine. It's a vintage-style car that goes like a modern rocket.

2012 Aero 8 SuperSports specifications:

Engine: 4.8-liter BMW V-8

Power: 367 horsepower/370 foot-pounds of torque

Transmission: Six-speed manual or automatic

Price: \$180,000





March 2010 Pet of the Month

Jelena Jensen

"My dream car is the 1965 Chevy Malibu. I absolutely love old muscle cars!"

Before it was a modern-day grocery-getter, the Malibu was Chevy's good-looking midsize cruiser. This is classic American muscle and style at its peak.

1965 Chevelle Malibu SS 396 specifications:

Engine: 6.5-liter (396 cubic inches) V-8

Power: 375 horsepower/420 foot-pounds of torque

Transmission: Four-speed manual

Price: You can get a nice Malibu SS 396 for around \$70,000 to \$120,000.



2010 Pet of the Year

Taylor Vixen

"My No. 1 car for a guy to be driving that turns me on is a vintage Shelby GT500 Mustang. It's so loud and so hot!"

Shelby Mustangs from the 1960s are among the most aggressive and valuable muscle cars ever built. They still strike a chord with sports-car enthusiasts, as well as with Hollywood. Taylor's pick was the hero car in the 2000 remake of *Gone in 60 Seconds*.

1967 Shelby GT500 Mustang specifications:

Engine: Seven-liter (428 cubic inches) V-8

Power: 355 horsepower/420 foot-pounds of torque

Transmission: Four-speed manual or three-speed automatic

Price: Clean original models can be had for \$150,000 and up.





December 2010 Pet of the Month

Sabrina Maree

"My favorite car is the Jaguar XK-140 Roadster from the movie *Cruel Intentions*. I like the older models of luxury cars. They're so romantic and sexy. They were full of curves, not hard lines."

The Jag Sabrina loves is one of the last great classic English roadsters. It had the curves of a beautiful woman lying on her side.

1956 XK-140 Roadster specifications:

Engine: 3.4-liter inline-six

Power: 190 horsepower/203 foot-pounds of torque

Transmission: Four-speed manual or three-speed automatic

Price: Nice ones go for \$60,000 to \$100,000 these days.

"I've always wanted to be handcuffed and bent over the back of a cop car to work off my ticket." — Sabrina Maree



2003 Pet of the Year

Sunny Leone

"The Bentley Continental GT coupe turns me on at the moment."

With a 552-horsepower W-12 and all-wheel drive, the 2003 Continental GT blurred the line between a GT and a supercar. Today, in its second generation, it sets standards for looks and performance.

2012 Continental GT specifications:

Engine: Six-liter, twin-turbo W-12

Power: 567 horsepower/516 foot-pounds of torque

Transmission: Six-speed automatic

Price: Starts at \$189,900





October 2004 Pet of the Month

Prinzzess

"I love Mitsubishi Eclipses. I actually own the original Eclipse convertible they based Tyrese Gibson's *2 Fast 2 Furious* movie car on."

It has a reputation for being a "girl car," but with the right modifications, like a turbo engine and blacked-out wheels, tuner models have serious street cred.

2001 Eclipse Spyder specifications:

Engine: Three-liter V-6

Power: 200 horsepower/205 foot-pounds of torque (stock)

Transmission: Five-speed manual or four-speed automatic

Price: Decent used ones can be as little as \$5,000. Tuner models cost a lot more.



August 2008 Pet of the Month

Jessica Jaymes

"I love the Maserati GranTurismo. It's sleek, elegant, fast, expensive, and so sexy!"

Maserati enjoyed a rebirth when Ferrari bought it in 1997. Though Maserati became a part of Alfa Romeo in 2005, its cars today have a lot of Ferrari DNA. The GranTurismo has some of the best lines of any modern car.

2012 GranTurismo specifications:

Engine: 4.7-liter Ferrari V-8

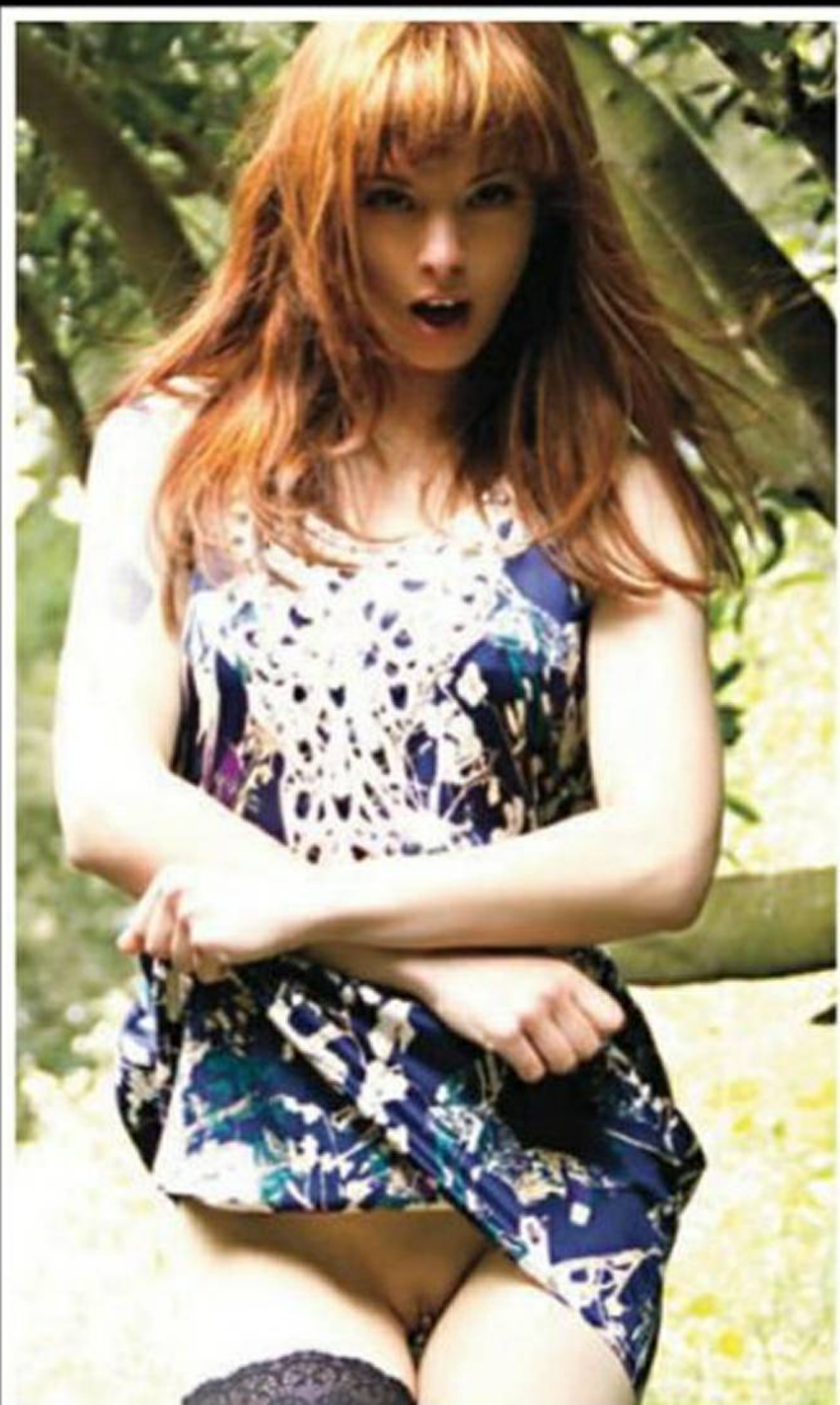
Power: 444 horsepower/376 foot-pounds of torque

Transmission: Six-speed automatic

Price: The base model is \$118,900.







flower power


Nineteen-year-old Eliz Stanton was intent on reaching one specific goal this year, and we're happy to help the 36-23-34 erotic model/college student from San Francisco accomplish it: "I decided a while ago that it would be a crime to keep a body this rockin' covered up, so I made it my goal to get into *Penthouse* by the time I was 20."

Photographs by Brett Michael Nelson



“We did this shoot at a bunch of outdoor locations, which was risky and fun. But my favorite part was at someone’s house. Six or seven people were home and could have walked in at any time. It was so exciting!”





"I'm so lazy that I've never played a sport in my life, but I really want to try out mixed martial arts, Krav Maga, or submission wrestling."





"Sex with a stranger is hot. As long as he's cute, hung, clean, and out of my bed the next morning, no strings attached, it wouldn't really take much to get me."





“I’m definitely more adventurous than most people—look at what I do for a living. But the most daring thing I’ve ever done is text one of my friends to ask if she’d be down to fuck sometime. She said yes ;-).”

SEE MORE OF ELIZ AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.



ROAD WARRIOR

My girlfriend just started a new job with a pharmaceutical company that has her traveling to big medical conferences all over the world. We're in our late twenties, have been together for two years, and though we're not engaged yet, we've talked seriously about marriage. Before she started traveling so much, I never worried about her cheating on me, but now when she's away on business, it's all I can think about. Please tell me I'm just being paranoid.

Ahem. I know the conferences of which you speak. I wish I could ease your worries and tell you that at the end of the day, all the conference-goers return to their own hotel rooms and watch Cinemax. But usually they go out to dinner and drink, and drink, and drink. When liquor flows, and everyone is far from home, sometimes people forget which room is theirs.

A lot of research has been done on travelers having casual sex on trips abroad. It's clear that overseas travel is highly conducive to sex with strangers, including locals and other tourists.

Away from home and removed from the grounding context of their everyday lives, people often do things they normally wouldn't. It's easy to think—and it's often true—that whatever they do, it won't get back to their social circle at home. If a tree falls into bed with another tree at a resort hotel, does it make a sound?

Sure it does. It's hard to pin down how many travelers get infected with HIV, gonorrhea, syphilis, and other sexually transmitted diseases, but surveys have shown that up to one-half of people visiting STD clinics for treatment recently had casual sex abroad.

Condom use during travel hookups is spotty at best. A sizable percentage of travelers never use a condom, in spite of the fact

that many tourist hot spots, particularly tropical ones, are in countries with high rates of HIV/AIDS and other STDs. Some travelers may use a condom with a new partner the first time, but neglect to keep doing so if a one-night stand turns into a vacation "romance." Travelers tend to bond quickly with people they meet on a trip, which makes them liable to place too much trust in partners who are, in reality, perfect strangers.

That said, no, I don't think you're paranoid. I think it's an elephant in the room that you and your girlfriend should acknowledge. Talking about what could happen when she's away doesn't mean you suspect her of having done anything, or that you take her for a slut. She ought to be aware of the realities of the road-warrior lifestyle. If she's serious about marrying you and you expect monogamy, she should put a strategy in place to avoid making a *whoops*.

Studies show that both men and women who have travel hookups tend to drink a lot. She would be wise to keep social boozing to a minimum. Mainly keeping company with a group of coworkers might be another useful tactic. A study of American college women vacationing in Costa Rica showed that those who traveled alone or with one female companion were more likely to have a "fun in the sun" fling than those who went with a group. Lastly, she should make a habit of texting or video-chatting with you every night—not because you're needy, but to fight the feeling of detachment from normal life that could make her forget herself. In addition, she can do little things to stay connected, like pay bills online, read local news, and check the weather at home.

Wondering if your hotel room has been thoroughly cleaned? Some things you're better off not knowing.



SEEDY ACCOMMODATIONS

My local news channel did an exposé about the bodily fluids that can be found all over hotel rooms. Is there any risk of getting an STD from semen left on something like a bed sheet or a remote control?

Semen, blood, and urine glow under black light. If you shine a black light around a hotel room, chances are you'll find traces of these fluids. Last year, New York detectives searched a \$3,000-a-night hotel suite in which global finance chief Dominique Strauss-Kahn was accused of having sexually assaulted a maid. The

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) PAM MCLEAN/GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT) STRATDESIGNS, INC./GETTY IMAGES



sweep turned up Strauss-Kahn's semen, plus deposits from at least four prior guests.

What would a CSI crew find on your bed? On your living room remote? Your computer keyboard?

The thought of mingling with random guys' old dried jizz in hotel rooms is nasty, but it poses no real risk to your health. Sexually transmitted viruses and bacteria pass from person to person through close contact involving bodily fluids and mucous membranes of the genitals and mouth, or by entering the bloodstream through broken skin.

Sexually transmitted microbes tend to die quickly outside the warm, moist environment of the

body. In order for the odd, still-living bug trapped in dried semen to make you sick, you'd have to re-constitute the semen with water, concentrate it, and then deliberately introduce it into your body.

You have a lot more to worry about with infections spread by touching contaminated surfaces. For example, *Staphylococcus* (including MRSA) and *Streptococcus* bacteria, and some gastrointestinal viruses, can live on dry surfaces for months.

My best advice is, don't take a black light with you when you travel. Some things you're really better off not knowing. But do remember to wash your hands.

■ PORN ON A PLANE

I bought a copy of your fine publication at an airport newsstand to take on the plane. The flight wasn't full, so after takeoff I moved to a vacant row and took a window seat. I was reading the magazine—just reading—when a flight attendant came over and asked me to put it away. I say "asked," but her tone told me it wasn't a request. Apparently somebody on the plane saw something they didn't like when they were walking by. I complied because I didn't want any trouble, but it ticked me off. Shouldn't I have the right to peruse whatever I want on a plane?

Reading your question somehow reminded me of the scene in *Airplane!* in which a nun is reading *Boy's Life* magazine, then the camera cuts to a boy reading *Nun's Life*. I had a chuckle thinking of that.

But then I got a little melancholy thinking about how shitty air travel is now, compared with how it was when that movie came out in 1980. I'm not only talking about the roomy seats in coach. Flying on a commercial airline was just a pleasant, dignified experience—not that we knew any different at the time, or could have imagined the dystopian ordeal it would become.

Yes, you should have the right to read *Penthouse* in your seat. But you don't. You check your "rights" at the ticket counter, and can pick them up at baggage claim upon arrival to your final destination. In between, you're a closely supervised detainee of the TSA and the airlines.

I am sure flight attendants would rather not have to police passengers' media choices, but some guys are really gross. It's not unheard of for passengers to watch hard-core porn videos on portable devices, without headphones, on packed flights teeming with little kids. I can understand how a flight attendant might be overly sensitive to a complaint about adult

content, even if you weren't spreading out a centerfold on the tray table of the person next to you.

Everyone is touchy about everything on planes these days. We've all been trained not to mind our own business, and to eye other passengers with suspicion. So people around you are aware of what you're reading on a plane.

It's also an irony of the digital age that while more Americans privately indulge in porn (and a greater variety of it) than ever before, we seem to be more uptight about erotic images in public. Someone might watch a double-penetration, ass-to-mouth, gaping-cream-pie video at home, and yet be shocked to unexpectedly glimpse a nude picture in someone else's magazine.

As a kid, I got my first haircut in 1979—and every haircut until I moved away from home—from the same barber. His salon was decorated with framed photos of nude women, and he kept a stack of *Penthouse* magazines beside his barber chair. My parents, both church-going Reaganites, never questioned it. I don't think it struck anyone as pervy. On the contrary, it was a classy gentleman's salon, and a gentleman naturally appreciates beautiful women.

Maybe attitudes about porn have changed because it's now such a big part of our actual sex lives—as solo masturbation material, and as something we actively create with partners. Maybe that makes it more private and personal, so that openly viewing erotic images in public could be taken as a form of exhibitionism, not art appreciation.

In any case, I'm sad to say that if you're reading this on a plane, it might be better to save it for later, or take it to the lavatory. Whatever you do, don't read it under a blanket, or someone might think you're trying to detonate your underpants. ☹️

POLE POSITION

Pole dancers have taken the sexy sport out of the strip clubs and onto the competitive circuit. Could the 2016 Summer Olympics be the next stop? Let's take a peek at competitive pole dancing.

By Kara Wahlgren



When you think of pole dancing, fitness probably isn't the first thing that comes to mind. We get it. The pole is best known as a centerpiece at strip clubs, a hedonistic home furnishing for rock stars, and a shorthand way for Disney ingenues to assert their adulthood. (The sexy Key Girls at the Penthouse Clubs make sure they don't do much to clean up that racy reputation, either. You've got to love them for that.)

But a group of athletes with six-pack abs and six-inch heels is looking to bring the pole into the mainstream. Over the past several years, pole dancing—also known as pole fitness or aerial pole, depending on whom you ask—has gone from being a naughty pastime for bored housewives to an internationally recognized competitive sport. Hell, it even got Oprah Winfrey's stamp of approval.

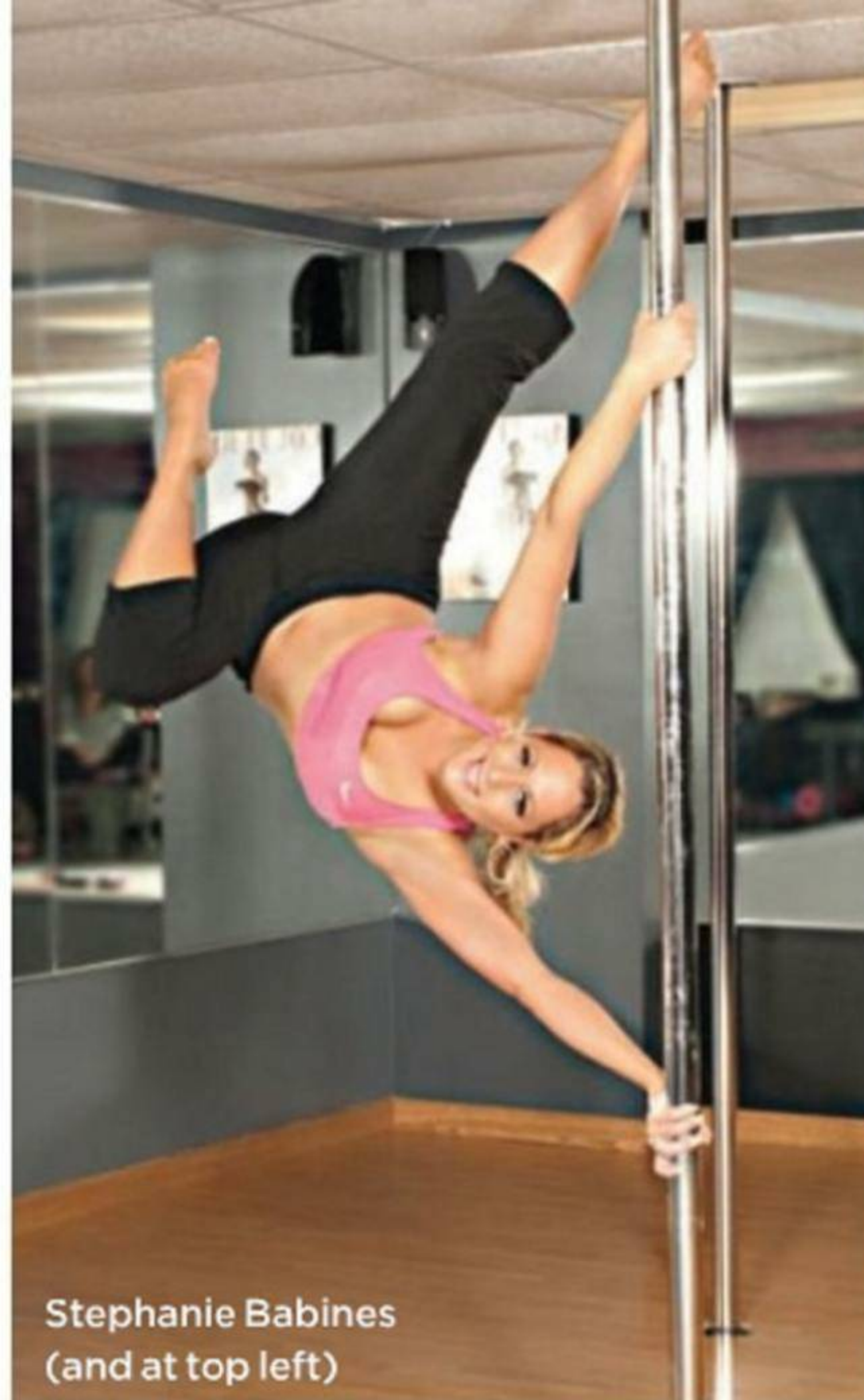
The first pole competitions popped up in 2005—a national event in Australia and an international competition in Amsterdam. Around that time, pole dancing was just starting to build up buzz stateside as a slightly taboo workout alternative to the treadmill. But to say that it wasn't fully embraced would be an understatement. When pole instructor Cat Gennaro opened her Poleates studio in Westlake Village, California, in 2006, it sent a ripple of shock through the community. "I had people picketing outside my studio," Gennaro says. "I thought I was going down." Many clients were embarrassed to be spotted at the

studio and begged Gennaro to bill them using a code name.

On the other side of the country, in rural Pennsylvania, Stephanie Babines was getting stonewalled by officials who assumed her pole studio, Oh My You're Gorgeous, was an adult-entertainment establishment. It took eight months (and an ACLU lawsuit) for Babines to get permission to open her doors. The rest of the town, it turns out, was perfectly happy to have a pole studio around. "Everyone was super-supportive," Babines says. "We haven't had any problems. Everyone realized it's something good and the girls have a lot of fun."

Now, six years later, Babines and Gennaro are elite judges for the American Pole Fitness Association, one of several organizations that host competitions on the state, national, and international levels. Another organization, the U.S. Pole Dance Federation, is credited with bringing competitive pole dancing to America in 2009, when pioneers Wendy Traskos and Anna Grundstrom handpicked a group of dancers from YouTube videos and via word-of-mouth recommendations for the first U.S. championship.

Since then, the sport has exploded, thanks in part to viral videos of death-defying stunts. This isn't amateur hour at the gentlemen's club—a typical routine involves inverted splits, planks, slides, spins, climbs, falls, and handsprings on the pole—plus a few moves we can't even *watch* without our hamstrings burning. "I've had world-class [Ultimate Fighting Championship] fighters come in and



Stephanie Babines
(and at top left)



Natasha Wang

try to lift their feet off the floor and not be able to do it," says Leigh Ann Reilly, a nationally ranked pole dancer and instructor who trains a competitive team (including reigning USPDF champ Natasha Wang) at her studio, BeSpun, in Los Angeles. "When I do it, it looks so beautiful and graceful and easy—and they can't even get their toes off the ground."

While strip clubs might seem like an obvious breeding ground for future pole champions, many of the competitors have never danced for money. Some have never danced at all, like Wang, who signed up for a pole class seven years ago after a girlfriend saw it on *Oprah*.

In fact, pole dancing is an unusually inclusive sport, drawing talent from diverse backgrounds. Cat Gennaro was a shark diver and a camera operator for MTV's *Wildboyz*. Stephanie Babines has a master's degree in project management. Gabrielle Valiere, who finished behind Wang at the U.S. championship last year, spent five years cheering for the New England Patriots. Anjel Dust, one of

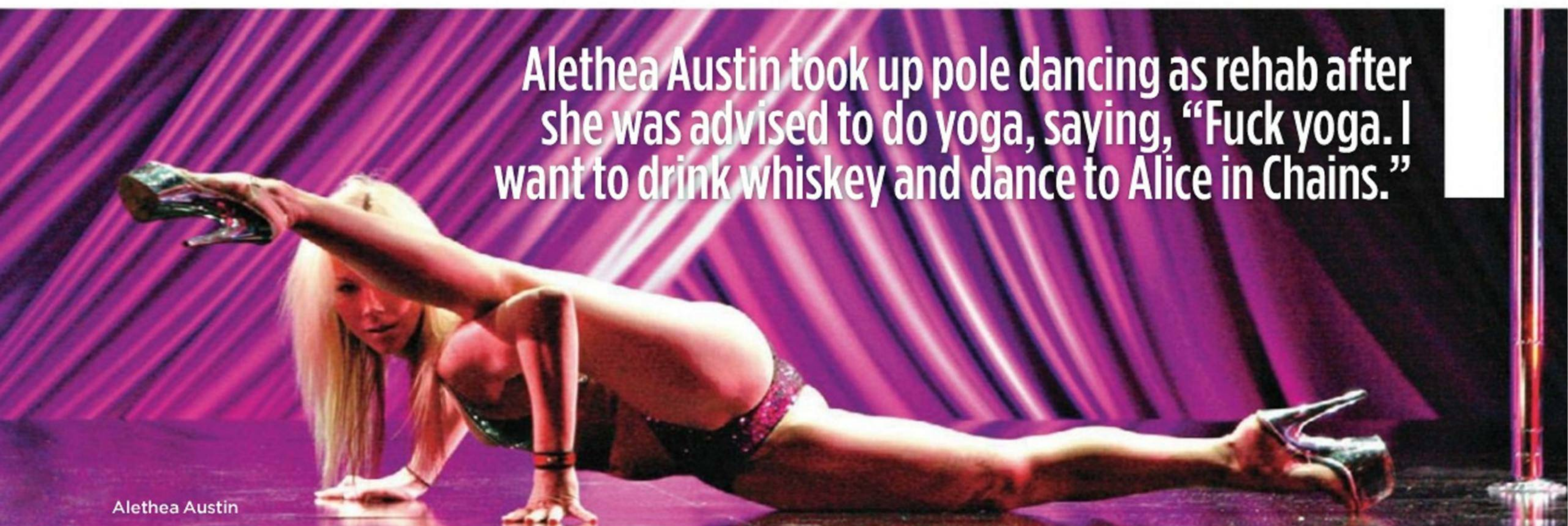
the sport's pioneers, used to dance for the rock band Jane's Addiction. Alethea Austin, the USPDF champ in 2010, took up pole dancing as rehab after a bad accident, even though she was advised to do yoga instead. ("Fuck yoga," she says. "I want to drink whiskey and dance to Alice in Chains.")

Compare that to gymnastics or soccer or sprinting, where you'd better start training before you've lost your baby teeth if you want a shot at competing on a national level. In competitive pole dancing, it's perfectly normal for a thirtysomething mother of two to wander into the studio on a whim, get hooked, and start climbing the ranks.

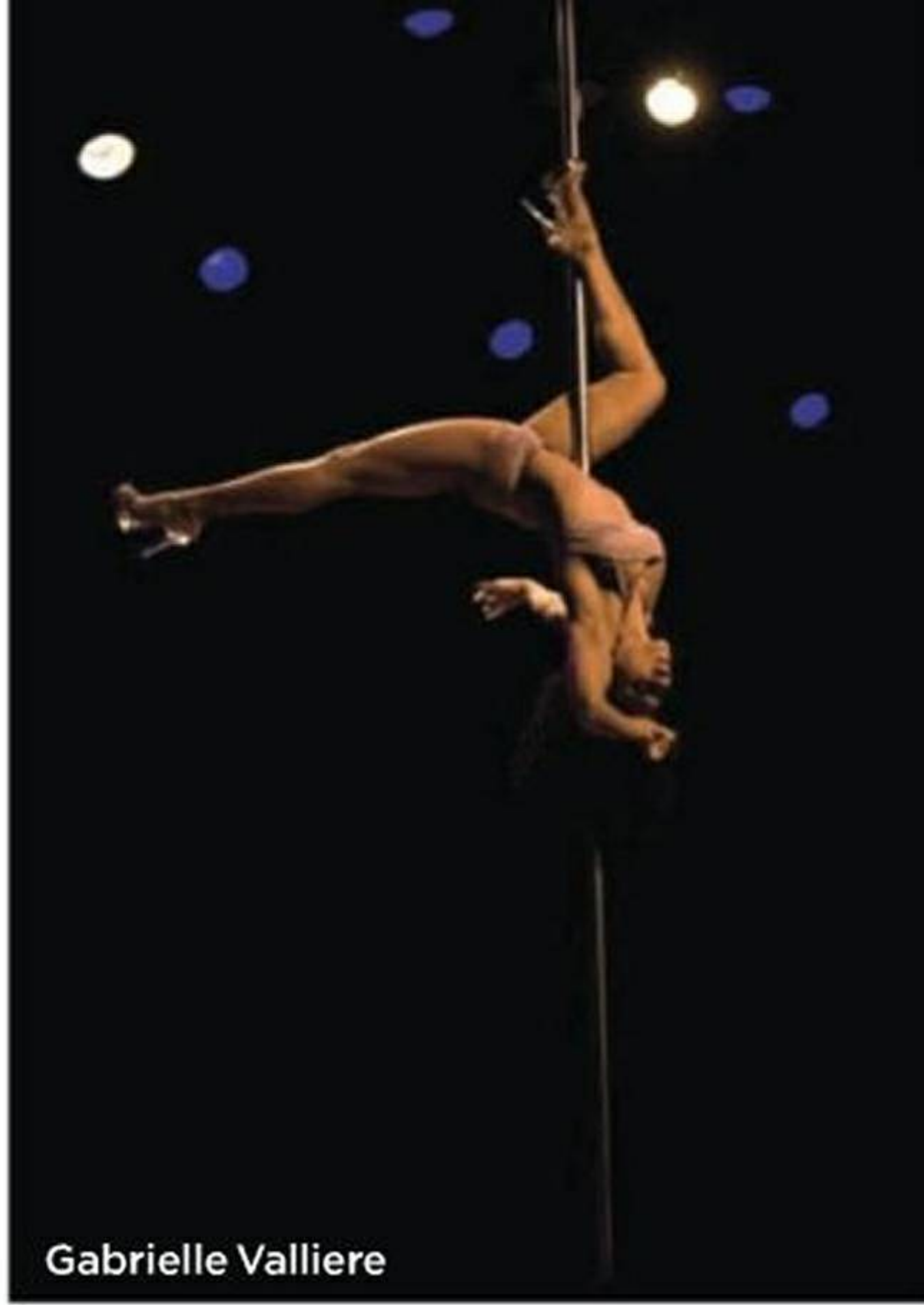
Then again, it only makes sense that pole dancing would be a somewhat anarchic sport. Even on the big stage, there's a sense of defiance and flipping the bird at convention. In many ways, the sport is a walking (and spinning and writhing) contradiction: Pole dancing has roots in striptease, but competitors can be disqualified if their routine is too, well, striptease-y. It's an international sensation, but the community remains close-knit, even as competitors trade titles more often than mixed-martial-arts fighters swap belts. These women are fierce competitors, but also Facebook friends. Most seem to be rooting harder for the sport itself than for their own victories. It's not uncommon for coaches to compete against their own students—Wang beat out coach Reilly to clinch last year's championship. ("I'm proud to say we emerged unscathed and grew closer as friends," Wang says.)

Now, some members of the pole-

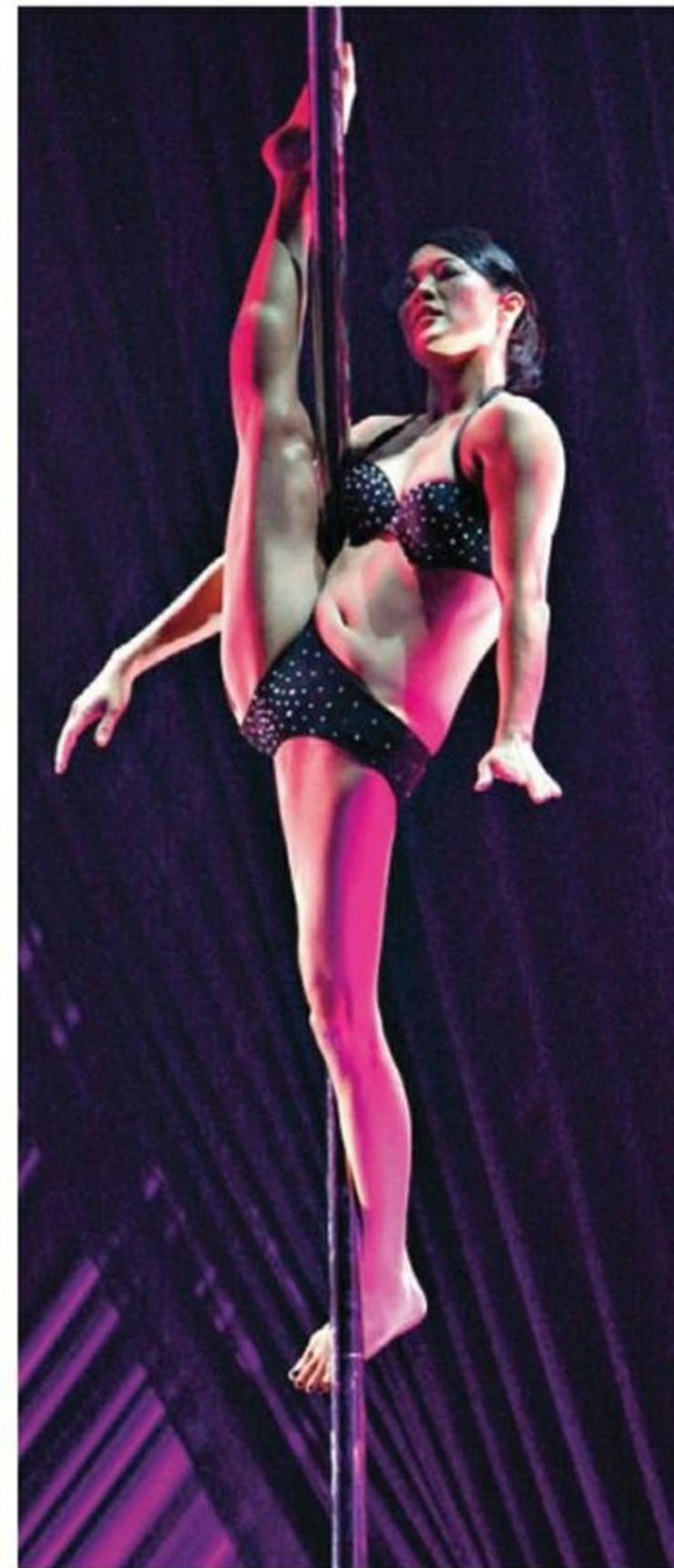
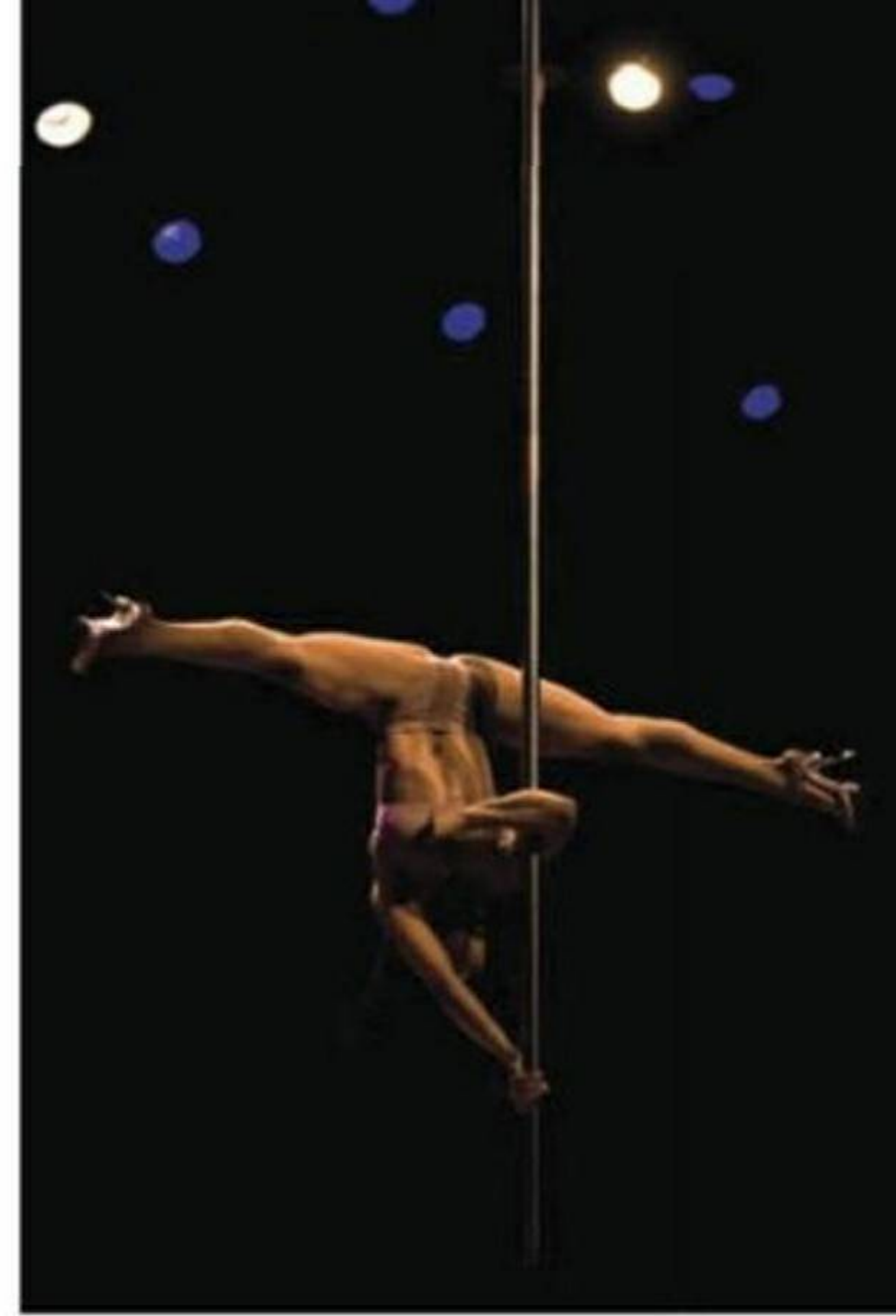
Alethea Austin took up pole dancing as rehab after she was advised to do yoga, saying, "Fuck yoga. I want to drink whiskey and dance to Alice in Chains."



Alethea Austin



Gabrielle Valliere



Reigning USPDF
champ Natasha Wang
(and at right)



Cat Gennaro

dance community are pushing for serious international cred. “We are working toward getting pole dancing into the Olympics,” says Babines. And Reilly agrees, saying, “I think it could definitely be an Olympic sport. I think I’ll be a little bit too old for it by the time it gets there, but to get the experience as an Olympic coach would be a dream of mine.” (We probably don’t need to tell you that this idea has provided plenty of ammo for snarky sports bloggers.)

But there are hurdles that need to be overcome before the Olympics can become a possibility, such as the lack of standardized scoring and terminology. A trick can have one name in Los Angeles and another in New York. Many competitions don’t assign scores or rank beyond the top three spots, which makes it difficult for aspiring competitors to know where they need to improve—or even how they fared. And it can be hard to tell which contests and titles really hold water: “There’s no governing body, so anyone can start a competition and call it the ‘world,’ the ‘universe,’ whatever,” Austin says.

But while everyone seems to agree on the need for better regulation and a single governing body, not everyone wants to see the sport go all the way to the Olympiad. Some worry that pole dancing would become a hyper-regulated, compulsory, and all-around boring sport. “I like that it’s not for everyone,” Austin says. “A couple of [competitions] tried to put really strict standards on it and have everyone do compulsory moves, and it was so boring to watch that the place was empty.” And Gennaro worries that stricter scoring will put too much emphasis on the difficulty of moves, meaning less artistry, more one-upmanship, and more injuries. (Just ask gymnasts, snowboarders, ski jumpers, and figure skaters about that phenomenon.)

But even if the brass pole isn’t

erected in London this summer or in Rio de Janeiro in 2016, competitive pole dancing has already made huge strides in earning respect for its raw athleticism. “The perception of pole dancing has definitely evolved since I’ve been in the industry,” Valliere says. “It’s become a regular way to exercise, like yoga or Pilates. It’s become a more respected entity in the fitness world.” Anjel Dust agrees: “Pole dance is on the road to having a similar fringe fan base as snowboarding, skateboarding, or surfing, in the way the participants and enthusiasts are fully dedicated to the sport and its community.”

Natasha Wang got a firsthand look at how far the sport has come while talking to an elderly Irish grandmother on a flight to New Zealand. “When I told her I taught pole dancing, she joyously clasped her hands together and shared how she took a pole lesson from an exotic dancer for her granddaughter’s bachelorette party,” Wang says. “The sport is light-years away from when I first started.” 



poolside paramours

An afternoon lounging at the pool with cocktails sounds like the perfect way to cool off on a hot summer day, but for Karina and Euftrat, things quickly get too steamy and sultry to describe. Lucky for us, the adage that a picture is worth a thousand words has rarely been more appropriate.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



















SEE MORE OF KARINA AND EUFRAT AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

FUN ON THE FERRY



and I bumped into the woman in front of me.



COMMUTING TO WORK IS USUALLY A DRAG, BUT MY RECENT EXPERIENCE MADE ME LOOK FORWARD TO THE DAILY GRIND. I WAS HEADING HOME ON THE FERRY DURING RUSH HOUR, AND I WAS SANDWICHED TIGHTLY AMONG PEOPLE.

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE



When we docked, I waited for the boat to clear and my dick to soften.





My mysterious friend stayed on for the return trip, too.



I started to walk away, but she grabbed me ...



and again went for my cock.



Then she stood up, hiked up her skirt ...



and guided me straight to her pussy.



As soon as I was spent, she headed for the gangway and the deckhand gave me a knowing wink.

Have a nice ride, Joanie?



It took me the whole ride back to recover. If I'm lucky, maybe I'll see Joanie again.

THE END



BODY CONSCIOUS

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. To body-painting artist Andy Golub, every woman is a beautiful canvas.

By Anka Radakovich • Photographs by Lev Radin



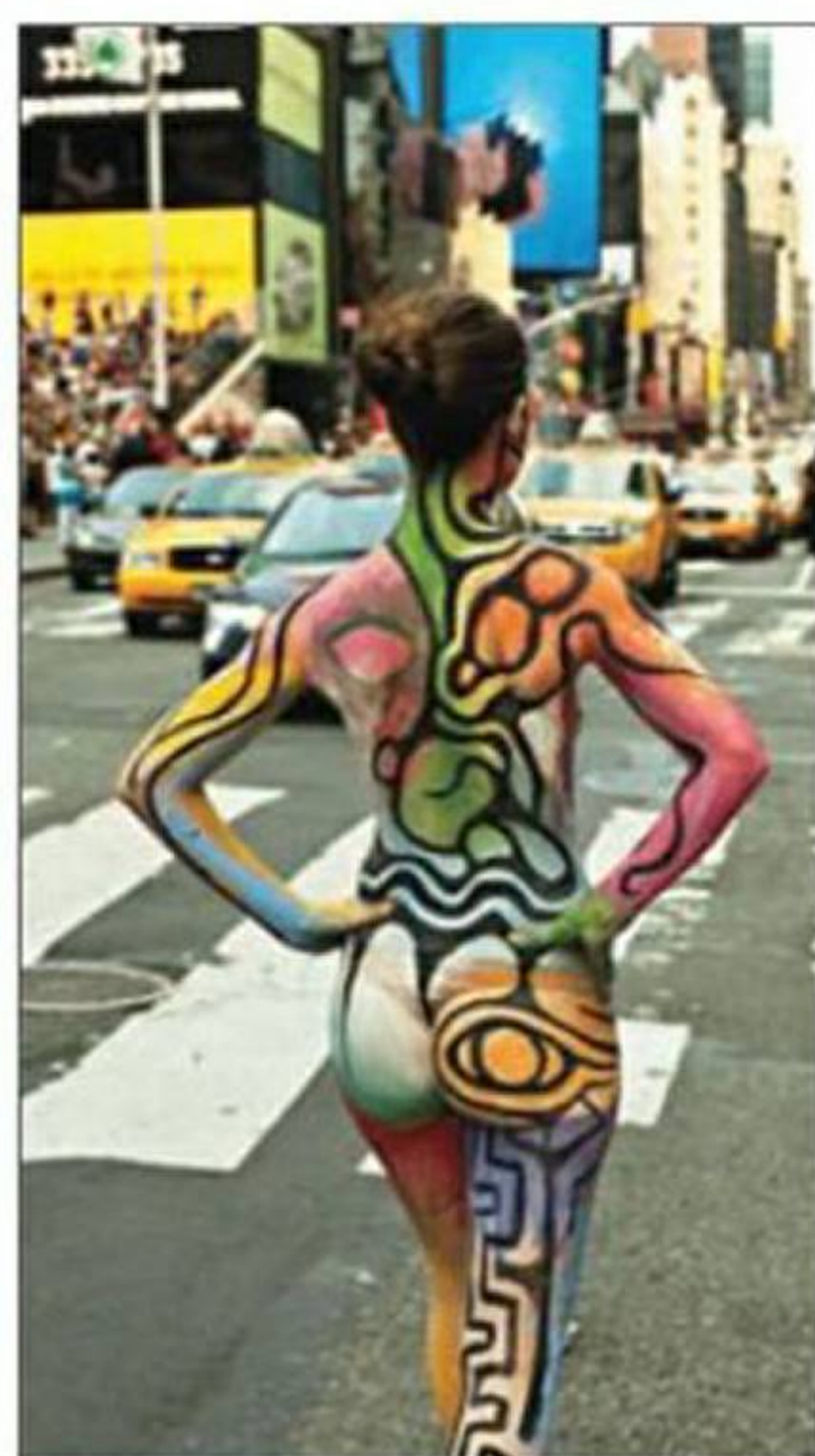
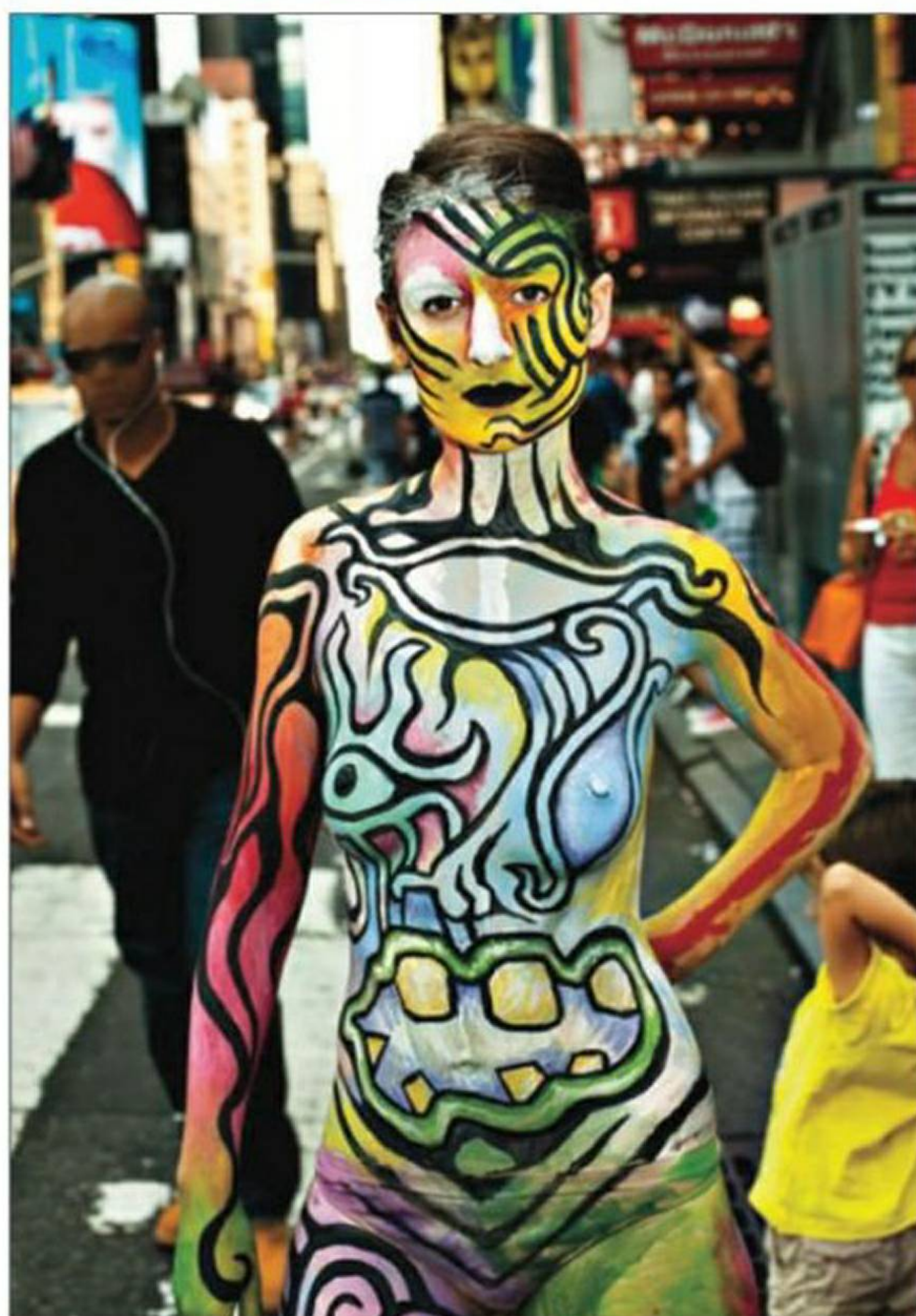
Andy Golub loves women's bodies so much that he transforms them into works of art. The muse-loving New York City artist has painted directly onto women's bodies using such classic backdrops as Times Square, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the New York Public Library.

His voyeuristic "outdoor studio" attracts crowds, especially in Times Square, where he and some of his models were arrested for misdemeanor "lewd conduct" in July 2011. The scene might resemble a porn movie: Cute girls take off their clothes in public and get body-painted while a bunch of people watch and take photos, then cops rush in, handcuff the models, and put them in the back of a police car. Just another day in the life of Andy Golub.

Golub, a married father of two, says that his wife is cool with it all, and encouraged him to continue after she realized that his public performances were getting a lot of attention.

The painter started his career working with traditional canvas, then moved to found objects, such as car mufflers and surfboards, but he soon





discovered that creating images on flesh was much more exciting—for everyone.

In October 2011, all of the charges against Golub and the models were dismissed, contingent upon them not being rearrested within six months. The judge also ruled that Golub could continue publicly painting girls on one condition. In New York City, it is legal for women to go topless, but not bottomless. So Golub can paint nude boobies all day long, as

long as the women are wearing G-strings or panties. The ruling states that he can't paint ladies bottomless until after the sun goes down. Hoping for more leniency for his art, Golub told the *New York Daily News*, "I'm going to be seeking a court order to allow me to paint fully nude at any time, any place." In defense of his "public lewdness," Golub stated, "I'm connecting with the model. I believe in public art; I incorporate the energy of Times Square."



BOOB JOB

We don't condone smuggling illegal substances by any means, but if you're going to do it, you might as well look good. A

woman identified as a Spanish model was busted going through security at an Italian airport when she tried to smuggle drugs in an unconventional fashion. Instead of swallowing packets of powder or hiding them in a more intimate place, she stashed her score in plastic padding around her bountiful breasts and ass. Thanks to her unique bra and panty inserts, she was able to hide more than five pounds of pure cocaine crystals.

The woman, who was returning from São Paulo, Brazil, was pulled aside by officials at Fiumicino airport in Rome, in part, the airport's police chief said, because of her tight clothes and abundant cleavage. When officers questioned the woman—who was identified only by the initials M.F.M.—her story about her recent trip to South America began to unravel.

When she became aggressive, two female officers took her away for further questioning. During a subsequent search, the officers found the plastic inserts in her clothing and discovered that she had cocaine molded inside them.

Besides enhancing her figure, her creative problem-solving enhanced her rap sheet. Officials accused her of international drug trafficking. Talk about a successful drug bust. —
Jennifer Peters

For Your Eyes Only

Do the new full-body scanners at airports feel too intrusive to you? A lot of people aren't comfortable with the peep show afforded to TSA workers with this new technology. The scanners work so well that they offer the viewer a look at the traveler's fully nude body—basically a hands-off strip search.

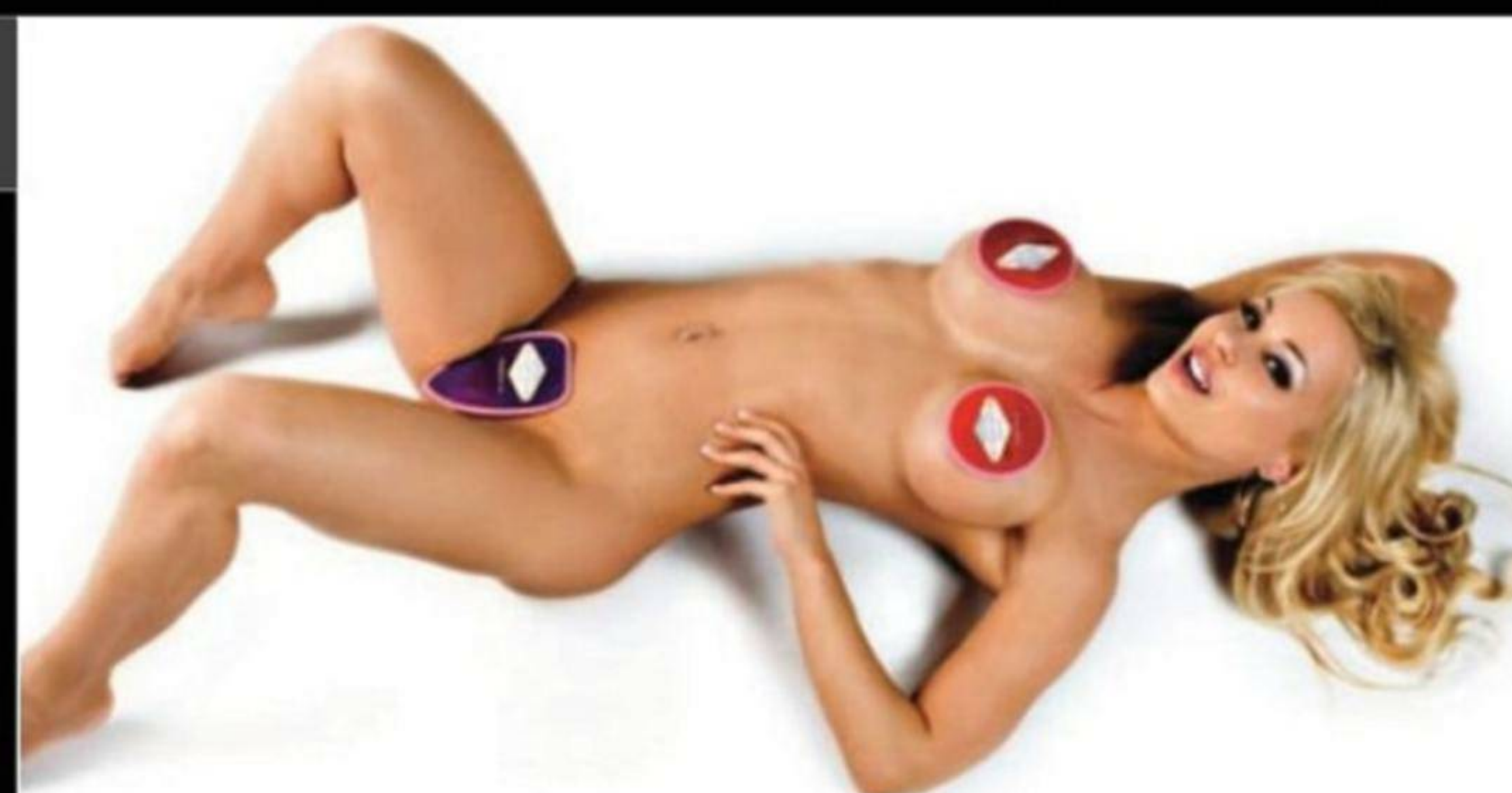
Despite assurances that TSA cannot store or transmit the nudie pics, after a controversy involving an Orlando courthouse that

was found to have illegally saved 35,000 scanned images, Gizmodo.com's Joel Johnson wrote, "It's clear that it is trivial for operators to save images and remove them for distribution if they choose not to follow guidelines, or that other employees could remove images that are inappropriately if accidentally stored."

If you're the modest type, you can opt out of the scan, but then you have to submit to getting patted down. Even if the exposure doesn't

bother you, don't forget about your loved ones. Do you want security personnel having such a view of your wife—or your daughter?

Flying Pasties offers an easy solution to preserve privacy without angering TSA agents. The company offers small shields made from high-quality rubber to cover the unmentionables, worn either inside or outside your clothing, as you pass through the scanner. While they're designed to avoid interference with airport security, Mike Francis,



the spokesman for Flying Pasties, issues the caveat, "We must stress that no matter how you wear your Flying Pasties, whenever your airport screener questions you about them, simply remove them and

present them to them. The security personnel are there for your protection and we mustn't forget that." Another word of advice: Don't try to smuggle drugs in them. —*Christine Colby*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SERGIO RICO/FLYING PASTIES



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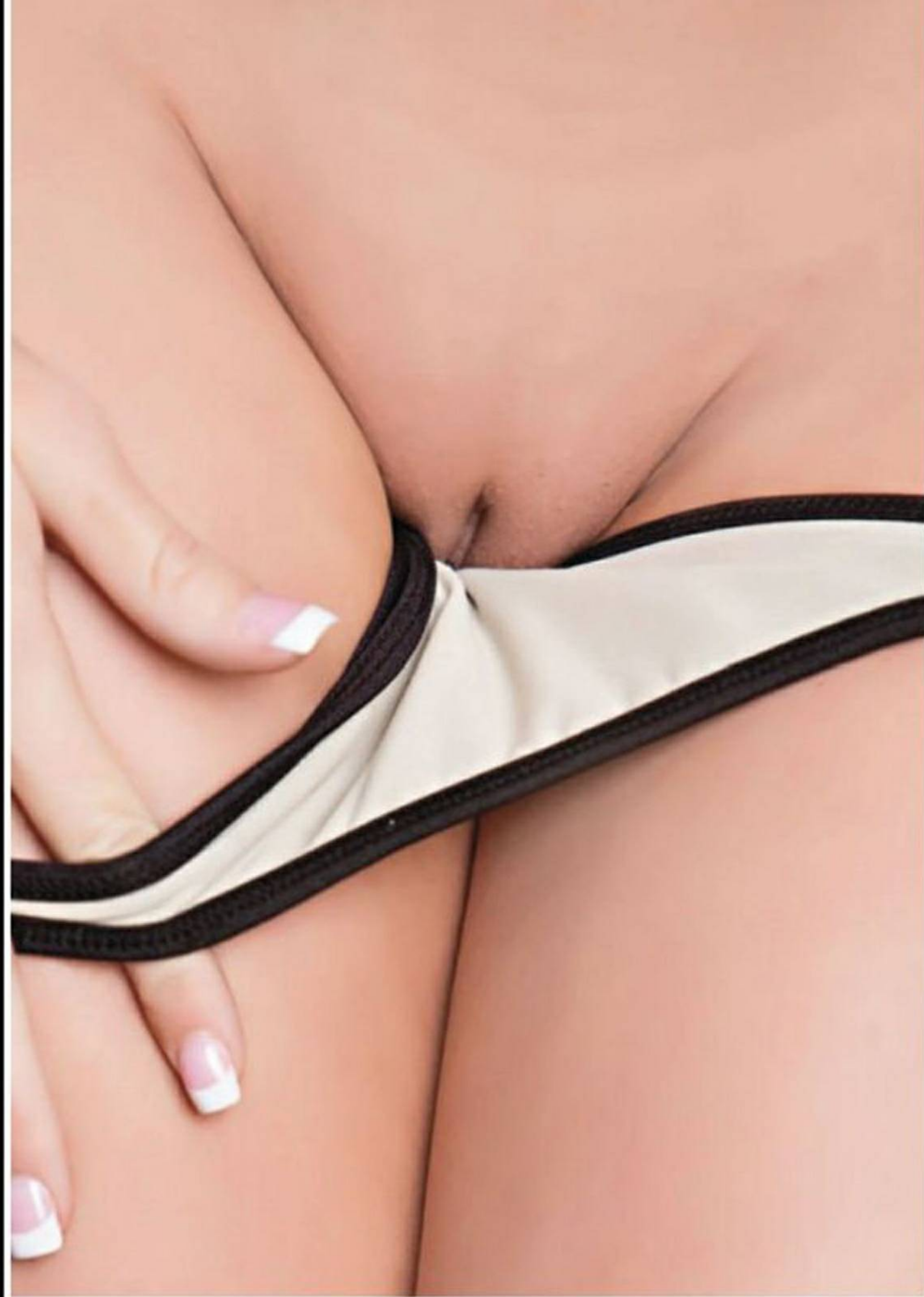
queen of memphis

The biggest celebration in 24-year-old Samantha Saint's hometown is Memphis in May, which includes the Beale Street Music Festival and the World Championship Barbecue Cooking Contest—making this the perfect month to feature the lovely, 34-26-36 adult-entertainment performer.

Photographs by Jose Cardenas



"I love stripping down, flirting with the camera,
and showing off my naughty side.
It really turns me on to think about the people
who will see the finished product."





"In my line of work, I get to make my fantasies come to life on a daily basis. But I always enjoy a sexy three-way."





"I just love going to strip clubs. I always get turned on, and that usually leads to me getting into trouble—the good kind!"







“What do I have that other girls don’t?
That’s a tough one.... A snowboard, a few fly-
fishing rods, and passions for cooking and
Southeastern Conference football.”

SEE MORE OF SAMANTHA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



A MIGHTY FINE FIX UP

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXVI: Sultry Passions, Sinful Desires, published by Grand Central Publishing.

The bullshit small talk was wearing me down big-time. I smiled politely at Nadine as I nodded in agreement to whatever she was saying. But really, all I could think about was how her full, pouty lips would feel molded around my meat, licking my shaft and sucking my balls.

Would she be able to take it down her throat? I was going nuts thinking about it. This was our fourth date, and boy, did I ever want to fuck her. I hadn't had sex in months, as I had just gone through a bitter divorce and was gearing up for an equally nasty custody battle.

A buddy I work out with had set us up, and Nadine proved to be a lot of fun. She turned out to be—and I say this with the greatest respect—a horny little bitch. This was revealed by the night of wild sex that I want to tell you about.

I told Nadine that I'd had fun and would like to go out with her again. She agreed, and I gave her a soft kiss. Growing bolder, I smiled as I wrapped my arms around her and slid my tongue into her mouth. She responded enthusiastically, and soon my hands found their way up her short skirt. I tugged at her panties and caressed her firm ass. She undid my tie and unbuttoned my shirt as my steel-hard cock pitched a tent in my trousers.

I whispered in her ear, "Your mouth sure tastes sweet." I took off her blouse and unhooked her bra.



As I fondled her firm tits, I said, "I'll bet these will taste just as sweet."

Before I could get a taste, Nadine dropped to her knees and unzipped my pants. She grasped my dick and quickly snaked her tongue across the underside of my shaft.

"Fuck me," she moaned.

She can suck my cock later, I thought. I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. Once on the bed, she spread her legs wide and pulled her panties to the side, leaving them on. She stuck one finger, then two, deep into her cunt.

"Fuck me with your big dick," she panted.

"First I'm going to taste your pussy," I said as I removed her probing fingers and replaced them with my tongue. I slipped my hands under her hot ass and slid her panties off.

**She knelt between my legs,
and I felt like I'd died
and gone to heaven as her
full, pouty lips molded
themselves around my prick.**



"Oh, yes," she said. "Fuck me with your tongue!" I buried my face in her silky snatch and snaked my tongue deep into her pussy. I worked it out of her cunt and up to her eager clit. She began to buck wildly, signaling her approaching orgasm. She came hard and once again asked me to fuck her.

"You want me to fuck your sweet little cunt?" I whispered as I wrapped my hands around her ample tits and squeezed her hard nipples between my fingers.

"Yes," she replied. "Oh, that feels so good. Fuck me, you horny bastard!"

"Would you like to suck my dick first?" I whispered as I moved to sit down on the side of the bed.

Yes, she said, she would. She knelt between my legs and stared at my prick. She smiled innocently and said: "Suck a dick? I'll need instruction."

So she wanted some nasty talk? Excellent!

"Just kiss it all over," I said. "I'll bet you like sucking on big dicks, don't you? Just wrap your hands around that big cock and then put your lips on it. Show me how you can suck a man's dick."

She smiled broadly at me before grabbing my cock. I felt like I'd died and gone to heaven as she let those full, pouty lips mold themselves around my prick. She took my entire eight inches. She was sensational.

But I wasn't ready to blow my load just yet. "That's enough, Nadine. I just have to fuck you."

She was ready. "Oh, yes, fuck me! I want to feel

your big, hard cock deep inside me!"

She spread her legs wide apart. I crawled up to her and gently placed the tip of my cock against her wet hole and said, "You want me to fuck you, right?"

"Fuck me now!"

It was not a request.

But I took my time. Slowly, I proceeded to rub just the head of my cock up and down the length of her slippery slit. She moaned in delight and tried to slip me inside her. Smiling, I thrust my hips forward and buried my cock all the way to the balls inside her tight, hot pussy.

"That feels so fucking good!" she screamed. I fucked her with slow, steady thrusts, and she wrapped her legs around me. "Harder," she urged, running her fingers over my muscular ass as I increased my tempo.

I thrust my cock in hard, burying it to the hilt inside her cunt. She ground her ass in circles and matched me stroke for stroke, howling with lust as I reamed her swollen cunt.

"Yeah, move that hot ass and fuck me back. That's it. Now get ready, I'm coming!" I announced.



"Do it," she implored. She thrust herself against me. "Come in my cunt! It feels so fucking good! Oh! Oh, yeah, I'm coming!"

We lost it together. I grabbed her firm ass and shot a thick load of white gold deep inside her creamy cunt. Exhausted, we lay in bed and kissed each other. After a while, Nadine got up and suggested a shower.

I followed her into the bathroom a moment later. She had quickly put on her high heels and was leaning against the sink basin. She smiled at me in the mirror and spread her legs wide, giving me an amazing view of her fantastic ass and damp pussy. She prompted me delicately. "Fuck me," she said, and a drop of come dripped down the inside of her leg. I was in no position to say no.—V.C., *Illinois* 

COCKTALES

This sounds like the beginning of a bad joke, but after three years of living together, I caught my boyfriend fucking his coworker during a holiday party in our apartment. She ran out immediately, and I made Tom leave right after, so I ended up apologizing to our guests, both for the scene they witnessed and for the fact that the assholes had had sex on top of their coats. I was completely humiliated and wasted no time packing up my shit. My brother and I moved my stuff to his garage (after he punched Tom in the mouth), and I quit my receptionist job and headed to the Triangle area of North Carolina for an extended stay. I was only 22 years old, and I quickly convinced myself that it was time to gain the kind of sexual experience that my friends had gotten at college.

Landing a job was my first order of business, and I lucked out at a local dive bar after just a few days. Serving drinks in low-cut tops and tight jeans in a place that catered to college guys seemed like an ideal way to start my education. My first night at work, I joked to the other bartender, a really cute guy named Will, that I was a woman on a sexual mission. Not surprisingly, and just as I had hoped, he was more than willing to help me out.

After we locked the doors to close up for the night, Will came back behind the bar and pulled me up against him. I was already wet and ready to rock, and I wrapped one leg around his, pushing my short skirt up, and rubbed my crotch against him. His dick was hard in no time, so while he pulled off my top I reached between us to unbutton his jeans. We were both like kids with new toys. I pulled out his cock, stroked the shaft, ran my thumb all over the head, and dug down deep to caress his balls. He pinched, pulled, suckled, and bit my nipples till I was practically screaming from pleasure.

Will knelt on the floor and pulled off my panties before lying down on his back and pulling me on top of him. He kissed me thoroughly as he ran his hands all over my body, grabbing my ass and pulling my cunt against his hard-on. When I pulled away, he groaned with displeasure, till he realized I was moving so I could suck his dick. I knelt next to him in the narrow space, encouraging him to get hands-on with my pussy, as I took his cock in my mouth.

I concentrated on the head for a couple of minutes, laving every



bit and teasing the slit to lick up the pre-come that dripped out. Then I reached up and pulled my hair away from my face so he could watch me take him deep into my mouth. I was determined to deliver a world-class blowjob, something I had a fair amount of experience with, and alternated between taking his entire length to the back of my throat and jerking him off at the base while I licked and sucked the head.

Will was three fingers deep in my

pussy by the time his balls tightened up, and I deep-throated him till he came, swallowing every drop. I licked him clean, then squealed when he lifted my hips and pulled my legs around till my pussy was over his face. He dove right in, fucking me with his tongue, and licking my clit while he fingered me. I went off like a rocket when he sucked my clit hard as he again thrust three fingers deep into my cunt.

That was as far as things went that first time, but over the next couple of months, Will and those college boys—and a couple of college girls—helped me experience every sex act I'd ever wanted to try, and many that I hadn't even imagined. I've got at least a half-dozen Forum letters' worth of material, so you'll be hearing from me again!—D.M., North Carolina

He dove right in. I went off like a rocket when he sucked my clit hard as he again thrust three fingers deep into my cunt.

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ROAD HEAD

Gina and I were on our way to meet friends when she decided she couldn't wait to get off. She was wearing a skirt, as usual, so she slid her hand into her thong panties and went to work rubbing one out, telling me what she was doing the whole time. She really gets off on talking dirty and she came really quickly, after just a couple of minutes, and proceeded to fill me in on how good it felt to have her thong pulled tight between her pussy lips. Then she reached for my dick, checking to make sure I was excited.

The rock-hard state of my cock must have pleased her, because she sighed happily, unzipped my pants, and pulled my shaft free of my boxer briefs. I pushed the seat back as far as I could while driving, and Gina's head went straight to my lap. She took me in deep immediately, running the tip of her tongue along the underside of my dick as she bobbed her head up and down. Gina gives a great blowjob, and the fact that we were on the road made this one even hotter.

I was afraid I'd get too distracted, so I looked behind us, planning to move into the right lane and get off at the next exit, but an 18-wheeler in the slow lane was the only other vehicle on the road. Then I had a much better idea. As I told Gina that a truck driver was going to have a great view of her in a minute, I eased off the gas and reached over to pull up her skirt in

the back, knowing he'd be able to see Gina's ass and wet thong.

The truck caught up to us quickly, and I tapped my horn so he'd look over. As I expected, he pulled his horn back and paced us so he could watch. Knowing she was on display made Gina even hornier, and she got me off in no time. She turned to the driver with come dripping off her chin, looking right at him as she wiped it up and sucked it off her finger. I slowed down more so I could move behind him, and he pulled his horn again and waved, mouthing "Thanks" to Gina.

I pulled off the highway at the next turnoff, surprised to realize we were already at our exit. At Gina's suggestion, I drove into the nearest parking lot, and Gina climbed onto my lap and rode me till we both came again. Afterward, we hit the road and made it to the bar in a few minutes. No one seemed surprised that we were late, as it was a common occurrence for me since I'd started dating Gina. But they'd get no apologies from me. I've never had a more satisfying sex life.—S.Y., Indiana

She unzipped my pants and pulled my shaft free. I pushed the seat back and her head went straight to my lap.

HORNY BY HALFTIME

My television broke right before the Super Bowl, and despite the great sales the stores were having, I couldn't afford to replace it. I didn't really care who won, since my team was out of the running, but it's the Super Bowl—if nothing else, I had to check out the commercials. (Sorry, but that's what we ladies care about.) Fortunately, my friend Dave was also being low-key about the big game, and suggested I watch at his place. He has a big-screen TV and the world's most comfortable couch, so I agreed to bring nachos and beer if he got the wings and pizza.

The game was pretty exciting, and a few commercials made us laugh, so we were having a pretty good evening. By halftime we were closer together on the couch than we'd ever been before. There was definitely a sex vibe between us that was new—and really arousing. We were oddly in sync when we looked at each other, suddenly unable to tear our eyes away, and I vaguely noticed that Dave muted the TV.

When he kissed me, I eagerly kissed him back, pushing my tongue between his lips. My body molded to his as our lips moved against each other's. It didn't take long for us to start tearing off our clothes, and we were soon out of our shirts and jeans and lying horizontal on the couch. Dave was on top of me, and as he kissed me, his hands wandered down my body. I felt his fingers trail against my ribs and caress my hips before one of his hands slipped between us and traveled to my cunt.

He stroked my mound as we made out, but it wasn't enough. I reached around him and grabbed his ass, pulling him tighter against me. I felt his hard dick press against my thigh, and I knew he was ready to take things up a notch. I moaned into his mouth when I felt how hard he was, hoping he wouldn't make me wait too long before slipping his shaft into me. I was on the verge of begging him to give me what I wanted when he moved his hand from between my legs and slid his cock into me.

Dave's dick filled me perfectly, and he began thrusting slowly at first, then steadily increased his pace until he was slamming into me with a great rhythm. I bucked up against him and experienced the most amazing sensations. I wrapped my legs tight around Dave's ass and pulled him down into me, making him thrust deeper inside my pussy. It made





everything feel so much more intense, and I loved it! Dave picked up on what I needed right away, and he increased his speed, pounding faster and harder into me. The more he fucked me, the better it felt, and I hoped it felt as good to him.

We kept moving together, our moans and groans mixing with the sounds of our bodies slapping against each other to create a sexy symphony. We seemed to go at it for hours, but sooner than I'd expected, we were both ready to explode. I came first, crying out as I felt a huge wave of pleasure wash over me. Dave wasn't far behind, and he came with a shout only seconds later.

Eventually we disentangled, and were amazed to discover that we'd only missed a couple of minutes of the second half. After thoroughly enjoying the rest of the game nude, constantly rubbing up against each other, we hit the bedroom for an encore. All I can say is, best Super Bowl ever!—S.L., Pennsylvania

I was on the verge of begging him to give me what I wanted when he moved his hand and slid his cock into me.

■ BEING NEIGHBORLY

Jake and I have been living in the same apartment complex for several months, and we have the perfect fuck-buddy relationship. We dated briefly in college but stayed friendly, so neither of us is looking for a relationship, we both date, and there's no jealousy. He has the apartment across the courtyard from mine, so when one of us is looking for company for the night, we leave our living room blinds open. We have keys to each other's doors, so we can just let ourselves in. I've woken up to an impressive hard-on rubbing against my ass on several occasions, and Jake always makes it a memorable sexual experience.

I was putting out my recyclables one Sunday when the woman who'd moved in next to Jake introduced herself. Annie is a tall, striking blonde about my age, mid-twenties, with a great body. I had found myself staring at her when she was moving in, and I knew Jake had noticed her, too. It was impossible not to. Annie said she was new to Savannah and invited me to dinner, saying she was hoping to get some insider tips on local restaurants, stores, and nightlife. The Southern belle in me couldn't let a newcomer cook, so I suggested we have dinner at my place.

She showed up right on time, in a sexy little sundress and holding a nice bottle of wine, and we had a great time getting to know each other over dinner. She was outgoing and funny, and we had a lot in common. Then, over dessert, she left me speechless by asking what my deal was with her neighbor. I practically stammered as I responded with, "What do you mean?"

Annie put her hand over mine and said, "I'm nosy. It's my biggest character flaw, I think. I've been watching everyone come and go. Last night, you were dropped off by your date, had a brief kiss at your door, and then came into your apartment and opened your blinds, looking across the courtyard. I thought you'd seen me by the window, but you were looking at the apartment next to mine. A little while later, the guy who lives next door to me—who's totally hot, by the way—came home, looked up at your window, and came up here. He closed your blinds, so I didn't see you together, and I swear I didn't watch all night, but I know he didn't come home till this morning."

By that point, I was cracking up.

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Jake and I had been sleeping together for months, off and on, and it had never occurred to me that any of our neighbors would notice our arrangement, or care about it. When I stopped laughing, I realized that Annie was still holding my hand, and now she was rubbing her thumb sensuously back and forth on my palm.

"I'm sure by now you can tell that I'm interested in you," she said with a smile. "I know you date guys, but I'm hoping you're as open-minded as you appear. If you and your friend would be up for it, I'd love to spend some time with you."

"I've never been with a woman," I said, as matter-of-factly as possible, "but I'm certainly open to the experience. You're absolutely gorgeous, you know. I don't think there's a person alive who wouldn't be attracted to you."

"That may be the nicest compliment I've ever gotten," she said with a laugh. Then she stood up and walked over, still holding my hand, and pulled me up against her. "May I kiss you, Marie?"

I could only nod. Annie bent her head and brought her lips to mine gently, then licked my bottom lip. When I gasped, she slid just the tip of her tongue between my lips, urging me to part them further. I was breathless with passion and so turned on that I quickly put my arms around her and stroked her back. By the time I'd worked up the nerve to grab her ass, our tongues were dueling and Annie had one hand up my shirt.

She pulled back, leaving me panting, and said we should move to the couch. "But before we do, we should make sure your friend knows he's invited over. Are the blinds the signal?"

I laughed again, then told her she was right.

"I'm a writer, so I notice details," she said. "And since I write erotica, I especially pay attention to the sex lives of people around me. You inspired a very steamy story last night."

Annie opened my blinds, then pulled off my blouse and bra before leading me to the couch. She put me at the end, with my back against the arm, and knelt on the floor next to me. She kissed me again, then whispered, "Lie back with your hands behind your head. Before we do anything else, I want to watch you come."

She sucked one nipple as she pinched the other, then switched, making both wet and hard. As she did,



she slid her other hand up my thigh and under my skirt. I knew my panties were already drenched with my juices, and when her fingers parted my dripping folds, we both moaned. "You're so wet for me, Marie. Am I really the first woman to touch you like this?"

"Yes," I said. "But this *is* a fantasy coming to life for me."

Annie moved down my body, pushing my leg onto the back of the couch, and licked my pussy slowly,

easing my labia open with her tongue. As soon as the tip found my clitoris, I came, struggling to keep my eyes open so I could watch as Annie lapped the length of my slit almost leisurely. Once I caught my breath, she began teasing my clit with her tongue again, thrusting two fingers into my pussy at the same time. I was pinching my own nipples and riding the waves of a second explosive orgasm when I heard the front door open and close.

Annie and I both looked over and saw Jake staring at us, about to drop a six-pack of beer. "Holy fuck, Marie, this is the best surprise ever!" Then he shook his head, as if waking up from an intense dream, and managed to put the beer on the table.

Annie and I got up and I introduced them, holding my hands over my tits. Jake was sporting an enormous

Jake thrust into Annie. I grabbed his shoulders for balance as I rode her tongue and creamed all over her face.

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bulge, and I saw Annie give him an appreciative once-over. Since I'd never experienced the pleasures of a three-way before, I waited to see what they would do. I wasn't sure if Jake had done this either, but I had a strong feeling Annie knew exactly what she was doing.

Annie looked straight at Jake's crotch and her hand followed, rubbing him through his jeans. It was only a minute before Jake's jeans were around his ankles and Annie was sucking his cock. I was dying to join in, so I moved toward them. Jake pulled me to him and kissed me hard as he caressed my tits and teased my nipples. Finally, I said we'd be more comfortable in the bedroom and led the way.

Once there, Annie took off her dress to reveal a pink lace bra and matching panties. There was no question that she had dressed for seduction. When she lay down at the end of the bed, I thought she wanted to fuck Jake, but she reached for me and told me to sit on her face. While I once again enjoyed Annie's expert pussy-licking, I watched Jake strip off her sexy bra. He licked his way along her torso, then winked at me when he reached her panties.

Jake pulled Annie's panties off, held them against his face and inhaled deeply, and handed them to me. He got a condom from my nightstand, stood at the end of the bed, and pulled Annie's ankles over his shoulders, then slammed into her balls-deep with one thrust. She let out a scream of joy before going back to work on my cunt. Each time Jake thrust into her, her tongue dipped into my pussy and she rubbed my clit. It was all just too good. I grabbed Jake's shoulders for balance and rode Annie's tongue as I creamed all over her face.

I climbed off Annie to explore her beautiful body. I'd never realized how satisfying it could be to make love to a woman's breasts, and Jake panted out instructions for me as he watched, telling me to push them together or pull and pinch her nipples. She was moaning loudly and urging him on, begging for release, so Jake told me to get her off by playing with her clit.

I'd never touched another woman's pussy before, but I tried a combination of the circling rubs that I like and the harder pinches that she had been doing to me, till she came around Jake's cock. He followed after another couple of thrusts. Afterward, we regrouped and Annie took charge.



She told Jake to lie on his back and eat her out, which was perfect for my fantasy. I got a fresh condom and Annie and I both mounted Jake, facing each other. I had one hand on her breast and one hand wrapped in her hair as I rocked my pussy on Jake's dick. When I leaned forward to kiss her, her lips tasted like my pussy. We all got off again, then kept moving fluidly from one position to the next, experimenting until we were all exhausted and sated.

That was only the first night of many over the next several months, and by the time Annie moved out, I'd lived out every fantasy I'd ever had about being with another woman. Jake and I are back to being a pair of fuck buddies, but just wait until we get better acquainted with the guy who moved into Annie's place.—*M.C., Georgia*

As our hands explored each other, we shed our clothes. It felt good to expose my body to the warm night air.

■ ROOFTOP ROMANCE

My boyfriend likes to fuck outside every chance he gets. Chris has planned camping trips and surf excursions just so he'd have an excuse to bang me out in the fresh air. When neither of us can get away from work long enough for such a treat, he still manages to get what he wants.

We live in New York City, not the ideal place for wild outdoor romps, but when Chris wants something, he makes it happen. To get his fresh-air fuck, he took over the roof of our building, somehow convincing the rest of the tenants that repairs were being made and they would have no access for the weekend. He even put up caution tape by the entrance, pulling out all the stops to guarantee we'd have some privacy.

He pulled me away from my computer early Saturday evening and asked me to come outside with him. "I need to get some air," he said, "and I'm sure you could use a break from work, too." I'd been glued to my laptop all day, so I agreed to put the computer aside for a few minutes and go outside.

Chris led me up to the roof, where

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I pushed up on my hands and knees and thrust my ass against him, our hips banging together rhythmically.

he'd set up some pillows and blankets, candles, and a bottle of champagne. I could tell he really wanted this, and after spending all day working, I couldn't deny that I was feeling a little frisky myself. I followed him to the mountain of blankets and let him pull me down with him. He kissed me as we sat, and soon we were horizontal on the makeshift bed in the middle of the roof.

We were wearing only T-shirts and shorts, and as our hands explored each other's body, we had a lot of skin-on-skin contact. It helped speed things up, and we were shedding clothes faster than usual. I tossed his shirt to one side while he pulled off my T-shirt and bra almost at once. Our shorts were discarded next, and we practically ripped them off each other in our haste.

After spending all day in our air-conditioned apartment, it felt good to expose my body to the warm night air, and I stretched out under Chris's body, luxuriating in the feeling. My boyfriend moved away from me for a moment, letting me enjoy the light breeze that blew across my body, and then crawled between my legs to eat my pussy. He's an expert cunt-licker, and having him eat me has always been one of my favorite things. It's even better when we get to do it outside, though, because it adds to

the sensations I feel, and it makes him go at it with an urgency he doesn't have when we're in the privacy of our bedroom.

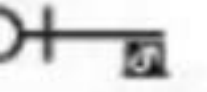
He licked and sucked my pussy lips, working his way up my slit to my hot button. Each time the wind blew across our bodies, it sent shivers of pleasure up my spine, and I was wriggling under Chris. He had me dripping wet in no time, and then I was ready for him to fuck me.

Chris flipped me over onto my stomach and entered me slowly from behind. His cock

slid easily into my wet pussy, and as the night air cooled my hot ass, he pumped in and out of me. I hadn't realized how much I'd needed to get fucked, but as his dick thrust between my cunt lips, I knew that a good pounding was exactly what was called for. Being able to feel the fresh air on my skin and see the city lights as it happened were added bonuses.

When I wanted him to fuck me harder, I pushed up on my hands and knees and thrust my ass against him, our hips banging together rhythmically. I was getting an incredibly intense fuck, and I knew my climax would be coming on strong in no time. I fucked back against him as hard as I could, and as a strong wind blew across my body, I had an earth-shaking orgasm. My whole body quivered as my climax overtook me, and my pussy spasmed wildly around Chris's cock. I squeezed his dick several times with my cunt, and the move got him off a minute later. As he came, I felt him shoot his come deep into me, and I continued to squeeze his shaft with my pussy, milking him dry.

After he pulled out of me, we lay on the pile of blankets and pillows and let the breeze cool our bodies. We popped the champagne and shared a couple of glasses as we relaxed, and by the time we'd had a few drinks, we were ready to go again. Being out in nature—or even just on our roof—gets Chris extra horny, and we ended up going at it several more times before we finally retired to our apartment.

As we went to sleep that night, I wondered how we'd lived in the building for two years without ever fucking on the roof before. I knew we'd be doing it again!—J.D., New York 

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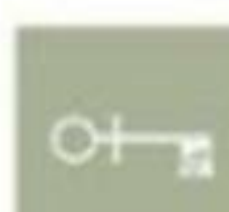
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Spring Fling

What better ending could there be to our final spring issue of 2012 than the amorous alfresco adventures of Tia Tanaka and Madison Scott? These lovely ladies show us just how steamy things can get when they get in their last licks.

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